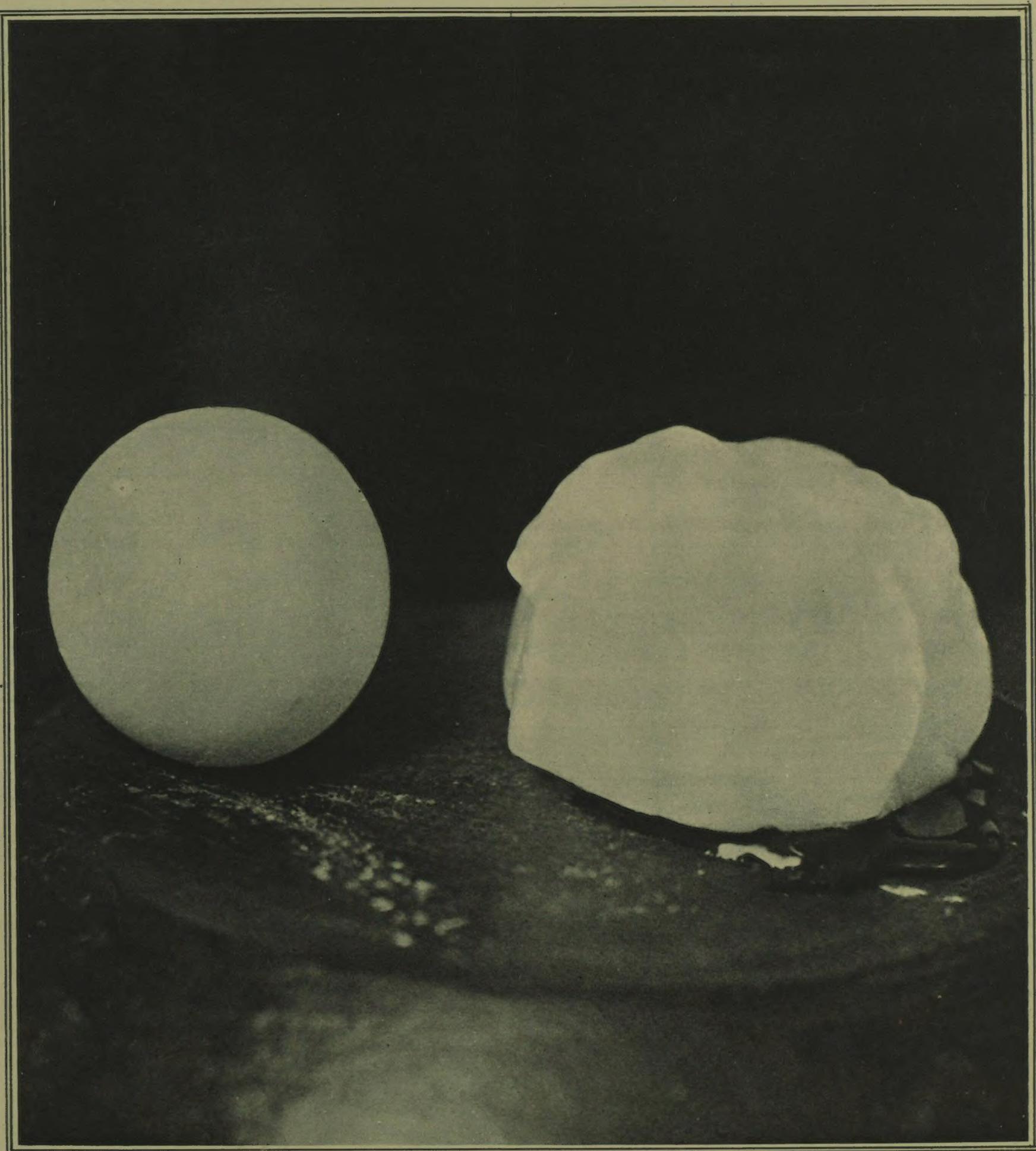


THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1929.

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A HAILSTONE LARGER THAN A TENNIS-BALL! AN ASTONISHING SPECIMEN OF THE "FROZEN RAIN" WHOSE DROPS DID £750,000 DAMAGE AT DURBAN.

An amazing hailstorm broke over Durban, in South Africa, on June 24, and did damage estimated to amount to £750,000. It was reported at the time that the downfall had been marked by many stones the size of cricket-balls, and that the noise made had resembled the sound of machine-gun fire. That this was no exaggeration our photograph is witness. The particular hailstone shown was picked up when the storm was at its height, rushed to the photographer's studio, and

photographed by flashlight. The diameter of a tennis-ball, it should be added, is from $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches to $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches; that of a cricket-ball—or one should say, rather, of the new, smaller cricket-ball—is $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Serious as the storm was, it is not, of course, without parallel. Records show, for example, that in England, in the summer of 1260, there fell hailstones "as thick as three fingers and sometimes as thick as fifteen fingers"!



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

REFERRING to some recent remarks of mine about the celebrated attack on Keats in the *Quarterly*, I think it right to say that I have received, from a quarter which should be authoritative, the suggestion that the article in question was not written by Gifford, but by Croker. I do not profess to know the details on which the dispute must rest; I merely followed an old literary tradition, which may be only a literary legend. It is possible that the theory, or discovery, about Croker is correct, and, so far as that goes, it would be an even stronger support for the argument in which I used it. For, whether or no it is fair to call Gifford a Tory hack, I fancy it is fair to say that Croker was more of a Tory hack than Gifford. Croker was often a purely political swashbuckler, with less of the poetic or classic tradition about him than the other. Indeed, the Croker theory, whatever else it is, is of the nature of a last knock to a reputation already rather knocked about. John Wilson Croker was certainly either a very bad man or a very badly used man. Macaulay called him a disgrace to literature and politics, and added the more violent expression that he hated him more than cold boiled veal. Thackeray depicted him, by common report, under the name of Mr. Wenham, the repulsive toady of the profligate nobleman in "Vanity Fair." Disraeli depicted him under another name, which I forgot for the moment, but with the same repulsive character. And now, it would seem, according to this view, that he appeared in another capacity more famous and equally infamous. He was the Man Who Killed Keats. I use the term in the ordinary loose sense, for I am well aware that this also is a literary legend. It is one that had the support of the scornful words of Byron and the admiring words of Shelley; as the responsibility of Gifford, unless I am mistaken, had the support of the spirited words of Hazlitt. But Keats was killed by consumption and not by Croker; he was not "snuffed out by an article," and it is a very poor compliment to Keats to suppose that he was.

Without pronouncing for the moment, therefore, about the authorship of the article, upon which I am quite open to conviction when I shall have studied the facts, I should like to say a word in a more general way about what I may call the world of Gifford and Croker. What I say about it may be taken as justifying my dislike or as merely explaining my bias. It is quite true that I have a dislike of, or a bias against, that particular group of Tories in the early nineteenth century. But I should not like my prejudice, if it is a prejudice, to be misunderstood. When I call them Tory hacks, I do not mean to say in my haste that they were hacks because they happened to be Tories. It was because they belonged to one curious transitional type which did not really deserve the older and nobler name. As it happens, although the only party label that has been hung somewhat loosely upon me is that of a Radical, I have always had a very warm sympathy with Tories. Those who know anything of my tastes will believe without difficulty that I prefer the Cavaliers to the Puritans. But I prefer the Puritans to their later representatives, the cynical Whig aristocrats of the Revolution. The Puritans killed the King for the glory of God; the Whigs merely betrayed and deserted the King for their own glory, or more often for their own gain. So far as that quarrel is concerned,

I am a pure Tory—or, rather, a pure Jacobite. But then, as Macaulay quite truly pointed out, the Tories of the early eighteenth century were really Radicals. None was more Radical, in some ways, than Dr. Johnson. He made the very profound remark that he had never known the Whig political theory when it was not mixed up in some way with cruelty to the poor. But Johnson, and his Irish friend Goldsmith, were really something more than Tories; they were disappointed Jacobites. By the beginning of the nineteenth century that older and more generous

over Europe there was raging a great religious war, between real religions. The quarrel between the vision of the Republic, the inspiration of the French Revolution, on the one hand, and the local loyalties to the old anointed monarchies and religious customs on the other, was a conflict in which a man might fling himself with a flaming sincerity and simplicity on either side. It was, if you will, a quarrel between the Prophet and the Priest. It is a quarrel that is now, I am glad to say, largely reconciled; but at the time it was a genuine as that between a good Crusader and a high-minded Saracen.

A thing like that is a quarrel, but it is not a misunderstanding. The combatants understand each other; they fight each other because they understand each other. When the knights of the Crescent and the Cross crossed swords, it was not merely a case of cross purposes. When the Royalist and Republican came in conflict, it was a contradiction and not merely a collision. It belonged to what some call the world of mediæval ideas; and I prefer to call the world of ideas. But the insular Toryism of the school of Pitt and Peel belongs merely to the world of modern interests, and especially of mercantile interests. The servants of that system could not throw themselves heartily into glorifying our ancient Christian past, for it would lead them back to the very last things they wanted to find—as they could see well enough, when they beheld a distant prospect of Melrose Abbey through the Gothic gateway of Abbotsford.

It was all very well for an Irishman like Burke to throw in a word for the old chivalry of Europe; but most of his party dared not really commit themselves to recognising the chivalry of Ireland, or even the chivalry of Spain. The Spaniards were their allies but not their friends; the Irish by this time were definitely their foes. Indeed, it is by that test that we can best judge the change that had come over Toryism. It happened in that tragic hour when the Tories lost for ever the old Cavalier sympathy with Ireland. In the early eighteenth century the greatest minds in English tradition sympathised with Irish tragedy. It was so with the great mind of Swift. It was so with the great mind of Johnson. It was not so with the very small minds of

the period of Pitt and his Union—the men who denounced Ireland for its rebellion, but detested it for its loyalty.

These men were, it seems to me, cramped by something chilly and even craven in their whole political position. They were not generously on the side of either the old world or the new. They were, in the only too exact phrase, on the side of the Powers that be. The Jacobite and the Jacobin, at opposite extremes, were yet both on the side of the Powers that ought to be. The one looked back to divine right and the other forward to democratic right. But they both appealed to abstract justice: to the King who should enjoy his own again or the People that should rule itself. But the men I mean were sophists defending injustice, merely because it was strong enough to be unjust. In calling them hacks I do not mean that they had the excuse of poverty or ignorance. I mean they were servants of a master, not lieges of a king; flunkies whose livery had long ceased to be a uniform.

Royalism had almost entirely died away. Bolingbroke, in his old age, had tried to revive it; but there was nothing to be done in a world with Burke on one side and only Bute on the other. The Whigs were established; they were an aristocracy; but many of them were quite genuine in their theory of liberty. It was very hard for the old Tories in Hanoverian times to be quite genuine in their theory of loyalty. And meanwhile a new thing had come into existence—a thing that was not Toryism at all, but a sort of commercial Conservatism. It came to its fulness in the time of the younger Pitt; it relied not on the country and the yeomen, or even the squires, but on the city and the bankers, not to mention the stockjobbers. Its champions were men like Croker and Gifford; and I would make all allowance for the fact that, in Macaulay's phrase, I hate it more than cold boiled veal.

I think the root of the real objection is this. The English Tories of this transition did not stand for any cause that can be loved for its own sake. All

New Treasures from Tutankhamen's Tomb:

Third Series.

IN the next issue of "The Illustrated London News" we shall publish the third series of photographs, and the third descriptive article, dealing with the remarkable objects found in the Annexe to the Tomb of Tutankhamen, thus adding to the reproductions in our issues of July 6 and July 20. The photographs in question are, if anything, of even more astonishing interest than those already published. They depict, amongst other things—

WINE - JARS SEALED WITH CLAY CAPSULES IMPRESSED WITH THE DEVICE OF THE DOMAINS TO WHICH THE WINES BELONGED.

THE KING'S DALMATIC; suggesting the Dalmatic placed upon a Deacon when the officiating Bishop recites: "May the Lord clothe thee in the tunic of Joy and the garment of Rejoicing."

THE FINGER-MARKS OF A TOMB-THIEF; found on the inner wall of an unguent-jar.

A VASE WITH A NOBLE HERALDIC LION; A VASE SHOWING A BLEATING IBEX; and other remarkable Vases.

SANDALS; WITH PRISONERS TO BE TRODDEN UNDER-FOOT.

THE KING'S GLOVE; with a tape to fasten it at the wrist.

The photographs of all these objects will be published for the first time in the issue of "The Illustrated London News" dated Aug. 3. Readers who desire extra copies are advised to order them now.

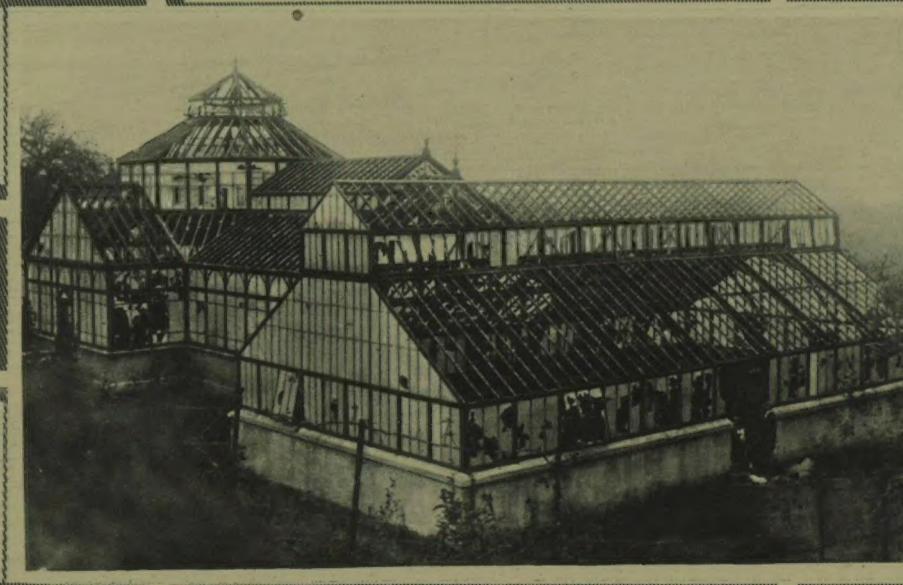
A HAILSTORM CAUSES £750,000 DAMAGE :
HAVOC WROUGHT IN DURBAN.



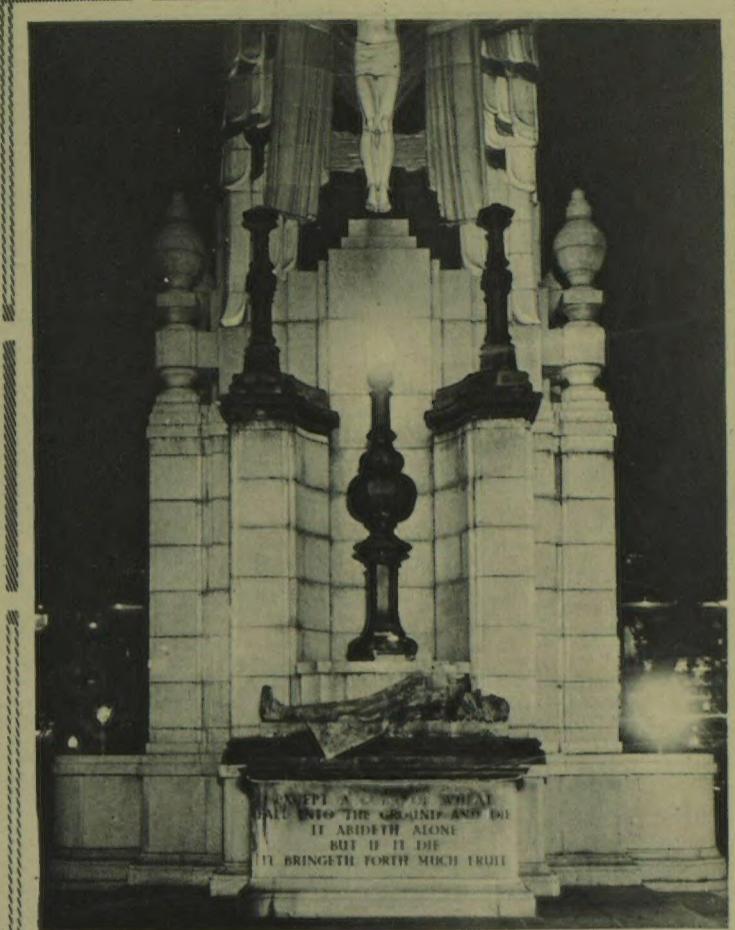
TYPICAL OF THE DAMAGE DONE TO MANY BUILDINGS: THE HAIL-SHATTERED ROOF OF AN HOTEL IN GILLESPIE STREET, IN ONE OF THE HOTEL-AREAS NEAR THE SEA.



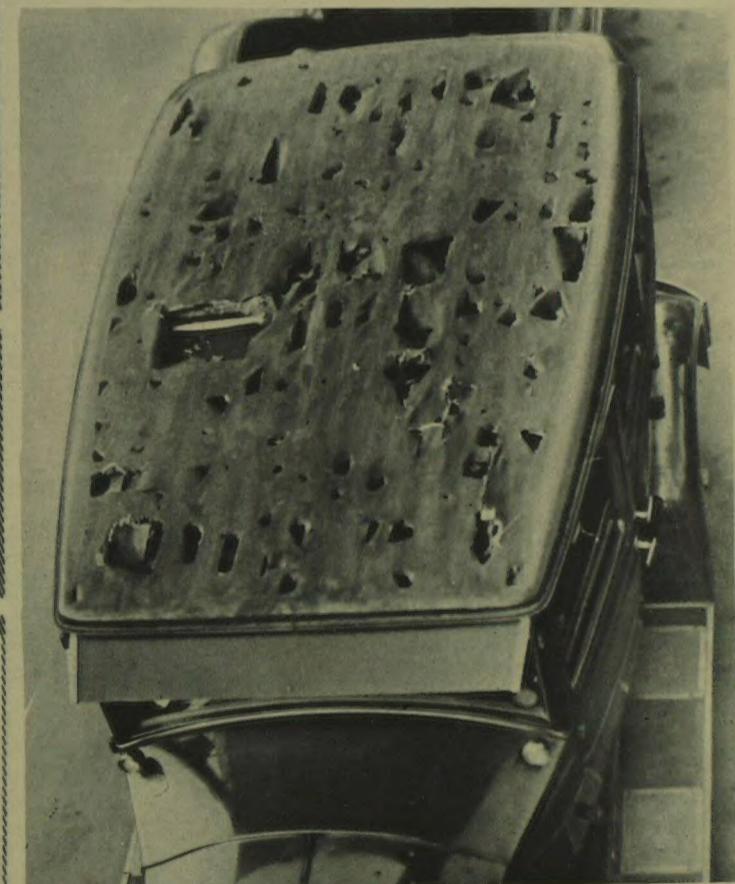
BATTERED BY THE HAIL: AN A.C. MOTOR-CAR WITH ITS BONNET AND MUD-GUARDS DENTED AND ITS HOOD BEATEN IN.



WITH THE WHOLE OF ITS TOP PANES SMASHED: THE CONSERVATORY IN THE BOTANIC GARDENS AT DURBAN AFTER THE GREAT STORM.



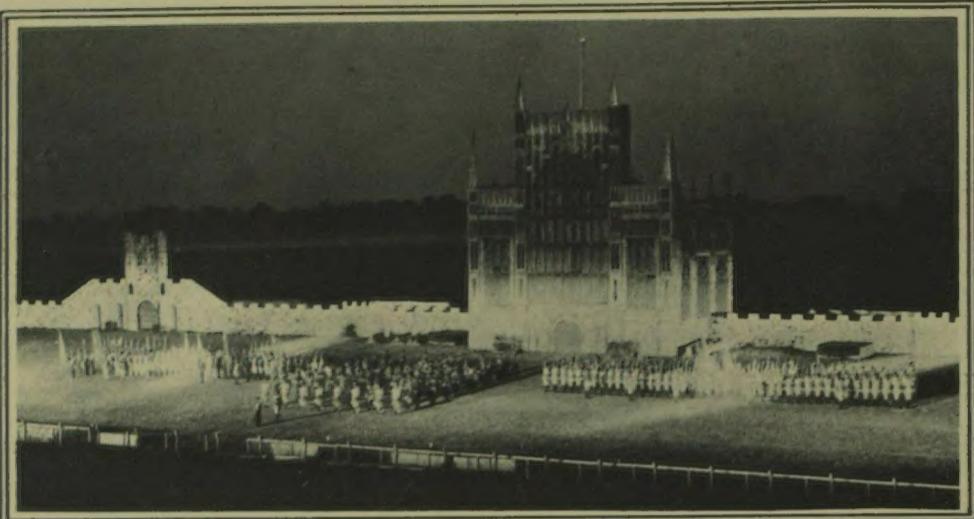
UNBROKEN, WHILE MUCH THAT WAS ABOUT IT WAS SMASHED: THE LAMP OF REMEMBRANCE STILL BURNING ON THE CENOTAPH IN THE TOWN GARDENS.



RIDDLED AS THOUGH BY MACHINE-GUN FIRE OR BY FALLING SHRAPNEL! THE PEPPERED HOOD OF A CLOSED MOTOR-CAR.

been no such visitation for, at all events, the last sixty years. Curiously, the Lamp of Remembrance on the Cenotaph in the Town Gardens remained unbroken, despite its exposed position and the fact that everything about it was shattered. The dome of the Art Gallery was wrecked, and some of the treasures within the building were damaged, it is feared, beyond repair. Other roofs were riddled everywhere; windows were smashed; traffic was forced to a standstill; and many motor-cars were battered. Yet, as Messrs. Free and Hoke have it, in their "Weather," hail and sleet are but frozen rain! "Hail is raindrops juggled unusually high in the air. Hailstones are raindrops frozen by the breath of the thunderstorm. . . . Hailstones as big as baseballs and weighing from half a pound to more than a pound have fallen in well-authenticated instances."

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



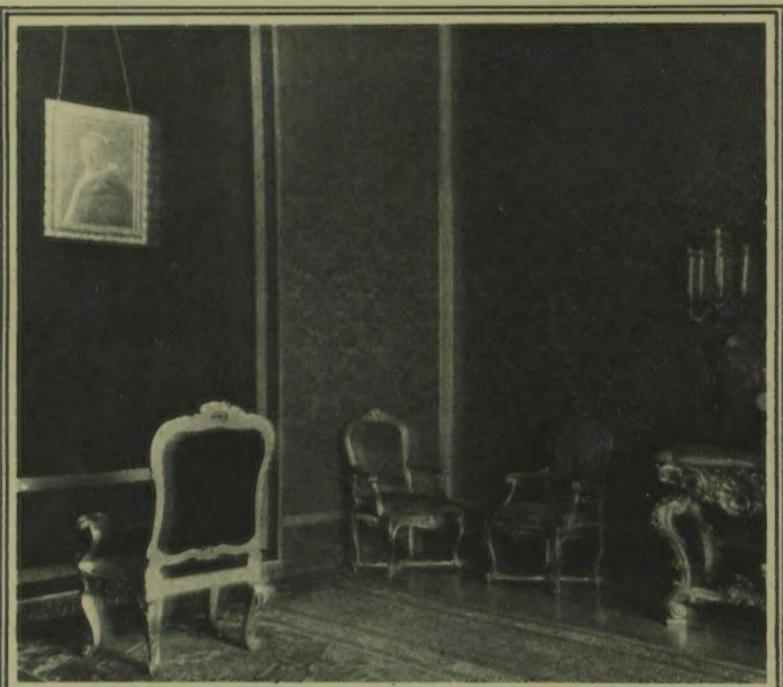
THE YORK MILITARY TATTOO, WHICH WAS BROADCAST AND IS BEING REPEATED ON DONCASTER RACE-COURSE: A SCENE OF THE EVENT ON KNAVE MIRE.

The York Military Tattoo was a very considerable success when performed on Knaresire, from July 16 until July 20—so much so that it was arranged that it should be repeated from July 26 to 29, with certain alterations to provide local associations, on Doncaster race-course. Eight regular units and one Territorial unit took part, with some two hundred civilian performers. At Knaresire, the background showed the tower of York Minster.



THE GREAT STORM OF JULY 20: A HOUSE IN ACACIA AVENUE, EASTCOTE, MIDDLESEX, STRUCK BY LIGHTNING AND PARTIALLY BURNT-OUT.

During the big storm of Saturday, July 20, a considerable amount of damage was done, not only by the torrential rain and the strong winds, but by lightning. Our photograph illustrates a case in point: it shows a house in Acacia Avenue, Eastcote, which was struck by lightning. As a result, four rooms were burnt-out.



THE RECONCILIATION BETWEEN THE VATICAN AND THE ITALIAN STATE: THE PAPAL CHAIR TURNED TO THE WALL, WHICH IS BEING TURNED ROUND AGAIN. One of the curious results of the reconciliation between the Vatican and the Italian State is the issuing of a notice that the turned chair reserved for the Pope, in the Reception-Room of the Cardinals, in the Vatican, is to be turned round again. It was turned towards the wall in 1870, when the temporal power of the Popes was terminated. The reception-room in question is that of the Cardinal Secretary-of-State.



THE GREAT STORM OF JULY 20: EALING GREEN FLOODED AS A RESULT OF THE TORRENTIAL RAINS, WHICH LED TO SUSPENSION OF THE TRAMWAY SERVICE AT EALING BROADWAY.

Unfortunately, the torrential rains of July 20 were insufficient to ease the water-shortage to any great extent, though it must be confessed that the average citizen, noting the fall, might well have been excused for thinking that they did so! So heavy was the fall of rain (and hail) that, at Kew and South Farnborough, for instance, there were 1.46 inches, and of the Kew rainfall 1.38 inches fell in about forty minutes. There was a great deal of flooding of sewers and forcing-up of wood blocks and paving; and for this reason the tramway service had to be suspended at Ealing Broadway.



TESTING THE FLYING CAPABILITIES OF WOULD-BE PILOTS: THE REID FLYING APITUDE APPARATUS IN USE AT THE INTERNATIONAL AERO EXHIBITION AT OLYMPIA.

The Reid Flying Aptitude Apparatus has a mechanical "pencil" which indicates the reactions of a would-be pilot when obeying instructions. Amongst other things, a klaxon horn is sounded at unexpected moments, that the nerves of the candidate may be tested. In our photograph the subject is Miss Vivienne Perrin.



A FLYING DRAWING-ROOM! THE MOST COMFORTABLE PASSENGER-CABIN OF THE FOUR-ENGINED HANDLEY-PAGE AIRCRAFT ORDERED BY IMPERIAL AIRWAYS, WHICH HAS A BUFFET ATTACHED.

This exhibit at the Aero Show demonstrates the extreme care paid to passengers' comfort on the new Handley-Page aeroplane which has been ordered by Imperial Airways for their Continental services. The considerable space allotted to each passenger will be noticed; and it may be added that there is a most serviceable buffet attached to the main saloon. The machine is four-engined.

LUCKILY, NOT A FREQUENT VISITOR HERE! A TORNADO IN ACTION.



A TORNADO WHERE MOST OF THE WORLD'S TORNADOES OCCUR—IN THE UNITED STATES: A "TWISTER," ONE OF THE MOST DREADED WEATHER FREAKS OF THE WESTERN PLAINS.



THE "TWISTER" SWEEPING TOWARDS THE SPOT ON WHICH THE PHOTOGRAPHER STOOD; WITH THE BLACK CLOUD THROWING DARK SHADOWS ON THE GROUND.

The great storm in this country the other day, bad as it was, fortunately did not present us with a phenomenon like that illustrated, which was photographed in that particular home of tornadoes, the United States—to be precise, in Kansas—and did considerable damage. Writing of tornadoes, in "Weather," Messrs. Free and Hoke note: "A tornado in five minutes has been known to kill 250 people and to destroy 15,000,000 dollars' worth of property. The energy set loose by one widespread storm may be greater than that of an earthquake or a volcanic explosion. . . . By far the most destructive storm is the tornado, the whirling funnel-shaped terror of the prairies so often misnamed a cyclone. . . . Most of the world's tornadoes occur in the United States, but they happen occasionally

almost everywhere. The annual average for the United States is about 100, and about 300 people are killed by them each average year. . . . The most destructive tornado in American history was that which swept over an unusually long path over Missouri, Illinois, and Indiana, in March 1925. It killed 695 people, injured 2027, and destroyed 16,500,000 dollars' worth of property."



THE TORNADO LESS THAN A MILE FROM THE PHOTOGRAPHER AND NEAR THE CITY OF HARDNER, KANSAS, WHICH WAS LUCKY TO ESCAPE DAMAGE.



THE WINNER OF THE KING'S PRIZE AT BISLEY HONOURED IN THE USUAL MANNER: THE CHAIRING OF LT-COL. R. M. BLAIR, O.C., THE SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS OF CANADA.

The King's Prize, at Bisley, was won by Lieutenant-Colonel R. M. Blair, with an aggregate of 283. Lieutenant D. T. Burke was second, with the same aggregate. In the subsequent tie shoot at 1000 yards, after each of these two had scored six successive "bulls," Blair, with his seventh shot, beat Burke by a bull's-eye to an "inner." Colonel Blair, who is a veteran of twenty years' experience, is an engineer. He had an unusual cavalry escort as he was borne in the famous chair for the trigger test.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE KING'S PRIZE AT BISLEY: LT. DESMOND T. BURKE (LEFT), G.G.F.G., CANADA, THE "RUNNER-UP"; AND LIEUTENANT-COLONEL R. M. BLAIR, THE WINNER.



ENGAGED: LADY ANNE CAVENDISH, YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, AND MR. HENRY HUNLOKE. The engagement was announced the other day of Lady Anne Cavendish, youngest of the five daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and Mr. Henry Hunloke, son of Major Sir Philip Hunloke, Groom-in-Waiting to the King, and well known for the manner in which he has steered his Majesty's yacht "Britannia" to victory. Lady Anne is twenty.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE KING OF EGYPT IN LONDON: HIS MAJESTY KING FUAD MET BY THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER AT VICTORIA STATION ON JULY 20.

King Fuad arrived at Victoria, from Paris, on Saturday, July 20, and was greeted by the Duke of Gloucester, representing the King. His Majesty is here for a six weeks' private visit. He was attended by the Egyptian Premier, Mahmud Pasha, and the Egyptian Minister for Foreign Affairs. As he stepped on to the platform, he was cheered, with the cry, in Egyptian, "Long Live Fuad, first King of Egypt."



IN ROME, WHERE HIS RESIDENCE AT THE AFGHAN LEGATION HAS CAUSED SOME EMBARRASSMENT: EX-KING AMANULLAH. On his arrival in Rome recently, the exiled ex-King Amanullah entered into residence at the Afghan Legation there. Needless to say, this caused some embarrassment, for he can hardly be regarded in the present circumstances as a Sovereign entitled to possession! It is true, however, that the Minister was not in residence at the time. The royal party consisted of 22, including ex-Queen Souriya and 8 children.



MISS EDYTH GOODALL. The well-known actress. Died on July 22, after a serious operation, at the age of forty-three. First widely recognised when with the Manchester Repertory Company, under Miss Horniman; and then, in London, in "Hindle Wakes." Recently in "Many Waters."



BRITAIN'S WIGHTMAN CUP PLAYERS IN THE "AQUITANIA," ABOARD WHICH THEY SAILED FOR THE UNITED STATES ON JULY 20: MRS. L. R. C. MICHELL, MISS BETTY NUTHALL, MRS. D. C. SHEPHERD-BARRON, MRS. M. WATSON, MRS. B. C. COVELL (CAPTAIN); WITH MR. COVELL (MANAGER)—LEFT TO RIGHT. Great Britain won the Wightman Cup last year, and that trophy was in the charge of Mrs. Covell when our team left for the United States. Miss Helen Wills, the Champion, sailed on the same liner.



THE ONLY WOMAN WHO QUALIFIED FOR THE RACE FOR THE DUCHESS OF YORK'S TROPHY AT THE MOTOR-BOAT SPEEDWAYS MEETING AT RICKMANSWORTH: MISS JOAN SPICER.

The race for the Duchess of York's Trophy was decided on July 20, at the Motor-Boat Speedways Meeting. It was won by Mr. R. D. Wetherall, whose time was 24 minutes 48 seconds. Miss Joan Spicer was the only woman who qualified for the event. She was second in her heat; but in the final she met engine trouble in the fifth lap.



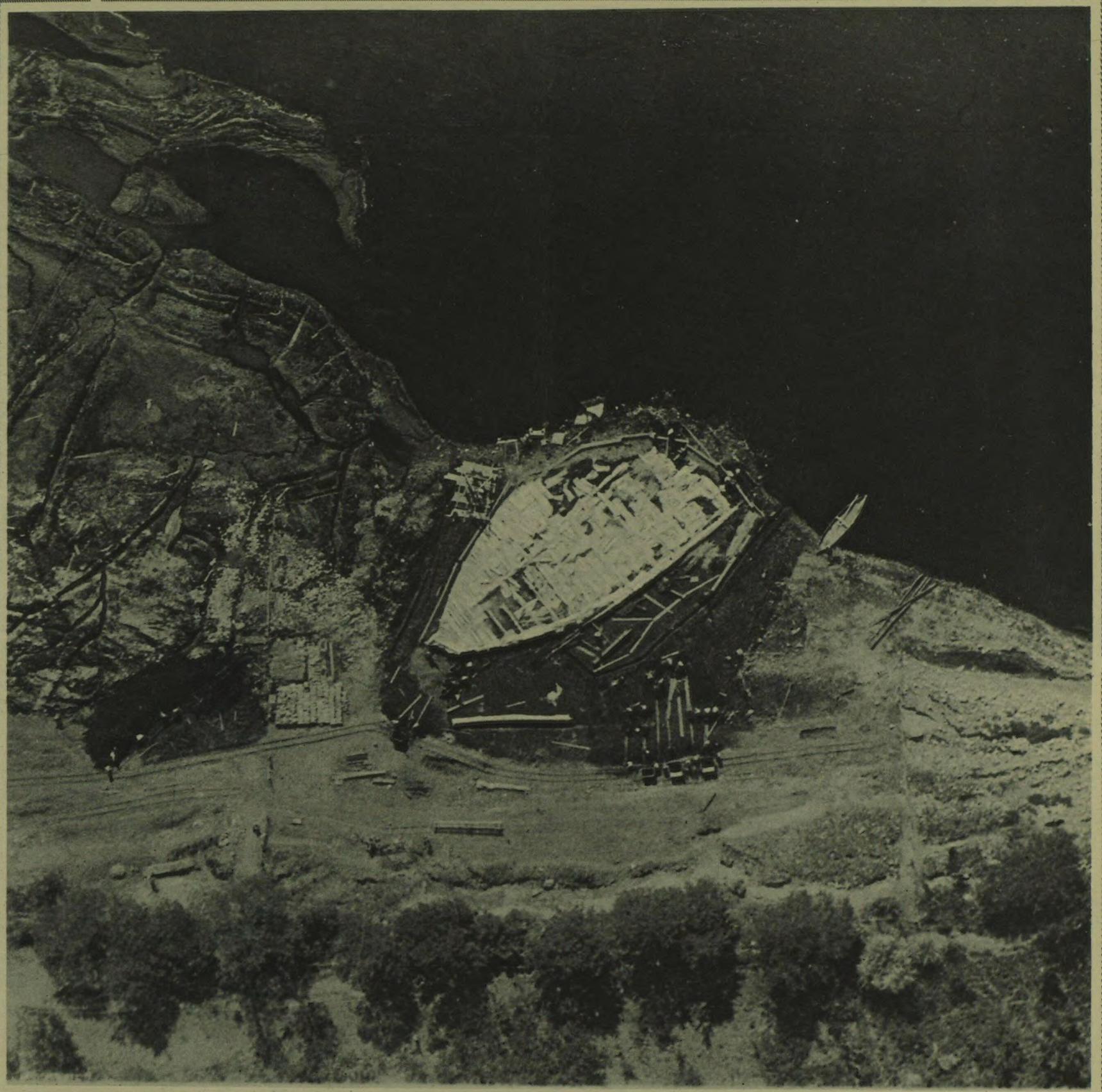
SUPERINTENDENT ASHLEY. Of the Criminal Investigation Department, Scotland Yard. Appointed to succeed Chief Constable F. Wensley, who is retiring. Has risen from the rank of police constable. Took a prominent part in the Voisin case and in the Hooley case investigations.



IN PARTY FROCK: PRINCESS ELIZABETH ARRIVING AT LADY NUNBURNHOLME'S. Little Princess Elizabeth recently attended a children's party given by Lady Nunburnholme to celebrate the first birthday anniversary of her son, the heir to his father's title.

CALIGULA'S "GALLEY" FROM THE AIR: A FINE PHOTOGRAPH FROM NEMI.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE ITALIAN DEPARTMENT OF AERONAUTICS.



AS EXPOSED BY THE DRAINING OF LAKE NEMI: THE "GALLEY" OF CALIGULA, FOUND "NEARER TO ITS ORIGINAL CONDITION THAN IS THE FORUM TO-DAY TO THE OLD FORUM"—AN AIR VIEW TAKEN THIS MONTH.

From time to time, we have illustrated in this paper the draining of Lake Nemi, and the resultant emergence of one of the so-called "galleys" of Caligula. We add these peculiarly interesting photographs as a further contribution to our readers' knowledge of the subject. It will be recalled that there were some who scoffed at the labour entailed in the recovery of the craft; but they were well answered by Signor Belluzzo when he was introducing the Education Estimates before the Italian Senate. Saying that it would, of course, have been absurd to

[Continued opposite.]



SHOWING THAT THE CALIGULA "GALLEY" WAS LINED WITH COPPER PLATES, AS ARE OUR VESSELS OF TO-DAY: A "CLOSE-UP" PHOTOGRAPH OF PART OF THE ANCIENT CRAFT REVEALED BY THE PUMPING-OUT OF THE WATERS.

Continued.]

expect to find the "galleys" intact after nearly two thousand years. He went on to remark that experts had declared that the results obtained had exceeded all expectations, and continued: "The actual state of the first vessel . . . is by far nearer to its original condition than is the Forum to-day to the old Forum." Summing up, he remarked that not only were they discovering a large ship, the important part of which was still preserved, but they were learning to what pitch of perfection and skill the old Romans had attained in the art of naval construction.



THE CINEMA IS DIGGING ITS OWN GRAVE: THE TALKING FILM VERSUS THE THEATRE.



By LUIGI PIRANDELLO (the Famous Italian Dramatist).

THOSE who have heard me talk of my many travels know with what admiration I speak of America and of the Americans. What interests me above all in America is the birth of new forms of life. Life, urged on by natural and social necessities, is ever seeking and ever finding these new forms. To see them come to life is an incomparable joy for the spirit. In Europe, life is still something to be manufactured by the dead, who crush the vitality of the living with the weight of history, traditions, and customs. The stability of the old forms is an obstacle which hinders and arrests every new living movement. In America, life belongs to the living.

But if life, on the one hand, must always be in motion, on the other hand it has also the need of some sort of concrete form. These are two necessities that, by being in opposition with each other, do not allow life to achieve either perpetual motion or eternal stability. In fact, if life were to be pure movement, it would never take a definite shape; and, if it were to crystallise for ever into some shape, it would no longer move.

Life, in Europe, suffers from too much crystallisation of its old forms; and, perhaps, in America it suffers from too much movement without being able to take substantial and durable forms. That is why, to an American who once said to me, "We have no past; we are all making for the future," I could answer at once: "Everybody can see, my dear Sir, that you are all in a great hurry to make a past for yourselves."

Forms, while alive—while, that is to say, the vital movement lasts in them—are a conquest of the spirit. To kill them, just for the sake of replacing them with newer forms, is to commit a crime; it is to throttle a manifestation of the spirit. Certain original and almost natural forms with which the spirit manifests itself cannot be suppressed, because life itself is finding expression through them; therefore, it is not possible that they should ever grow old or that they be substituted without killing life in one of its natural manifestations. One of these forms of life is the Theatre.

My friend Jevrejenoff, author of a fine comedy, goes as far as to demonstrate in one of his books that the whole of the world is a theatre, and that not only are all men playing the part they have chosen for themselves in life, or that other people have given them, but that animals also are reciting, and plants too, and, in short, the whole of Nature. Perhaps we are not going as far as that. But there can be no doubt that the theatre, before being looked upon as a traditional form of literature, is to be considered a manifestation of life. Well, in these days of great general infatuation with the talking film, I have heard this heresy: that the talking film will abolish the theatre; that all theatres, both of prose and of music, will be closed down because everything will be cinema—talking films and sound-films; that in two or three years' time there will be no theatre.

A thing like this, if said by an American and with that cheery sort of arrogance which is so natural to Americans, even if it seems (as it actually is) a heresy, can be listened to sympathetically, because Americans are genuinely proud of all enormous things. This pride has the peculiar grace of the elephant who laughs with his little eyes while playfully wagging his trunk, and woe to you should it fetch you one on the head! But repeated (as I have heard it) by a European, a thing so big and brutish loses all genuine grace and becomes stupid and clumsy. The little roguishly humorous eyes of the elephant no longer laugh: in front of you are two tired eyes which the enormity deprives of their sparkle of pride and dilates with fear; and the powerful and threatening playfulness of the trunk becomes the mere wagging of an ass's tail flicking away flies—that is to say, the worries of a new labour.

Because the European film-producers are really very worried by and frightened of this devilish invention of a talking machine, and are like old fishes which for too long have swayed their fins and tail in the stagnant waters of a silent marsh, they allow themselves to be hooked, having remained all agape and defenceless. Meanwhile, both the prose and music theatre can keep tranquil and rest assured that it will not be abolished, for the very simple reason that it is not the Theatre that is asking to become Cinema, but the Cinema that is begging to be turned into Theatre; and the greatest victory which the cinema can ever hope to achieve, in invading more and more the

theatrical domain, will be that of becoming a more or less bad photographic and mechanical copy of the theatre, which naturally, like all copies, will always stimulate a desire for the original.

The original error of the cinema has been that of putting itself from the very beginning on a false track, a track highly unsuitable—that of literature (narrative and drama). And, once on this road, the cinema found itself confronted with a double impossibility: (1) the impossibility of finding an adequate substitute for the spoken word; (2) the impossibility of doing without it altogether. And with a double evil: (1) The injury done to itself by being unable to find its own original way of expression, independently of the spoken word either expressed or understood; (2) the

by the film—a house, a ship, a mountain, a valley, a forest, a street—and therefore outside the hall in which the film is being projected, while the voices ring inside the hall, with a most disagreeable effect of unreality.

In order to patch up this fault, a still greater fault has been created—that of showing close-ups of the talking images, with the final result that the scene, as a whole, is lost; that the quick succession of talking images tires the eyes; and that the dialogue loses all forcefulness. Furthermore, there is the realisation that the lips of those huge images in the foreground are moving in vain, because the voice does not issue from their mouths, but comes out in a grotesque manner from the machine—a machine-made voice far from human, the vulgar muttering of ventriloquists accompanied by the buzzing, frizzling noises of bad gramophones. But even when technical improvements will have eliminated this frizzling nuisance, and will have obtained a perfect reproduction of the human voice, the main ailment will still be there, for the obvious reason that images are images, and images cannot talk.

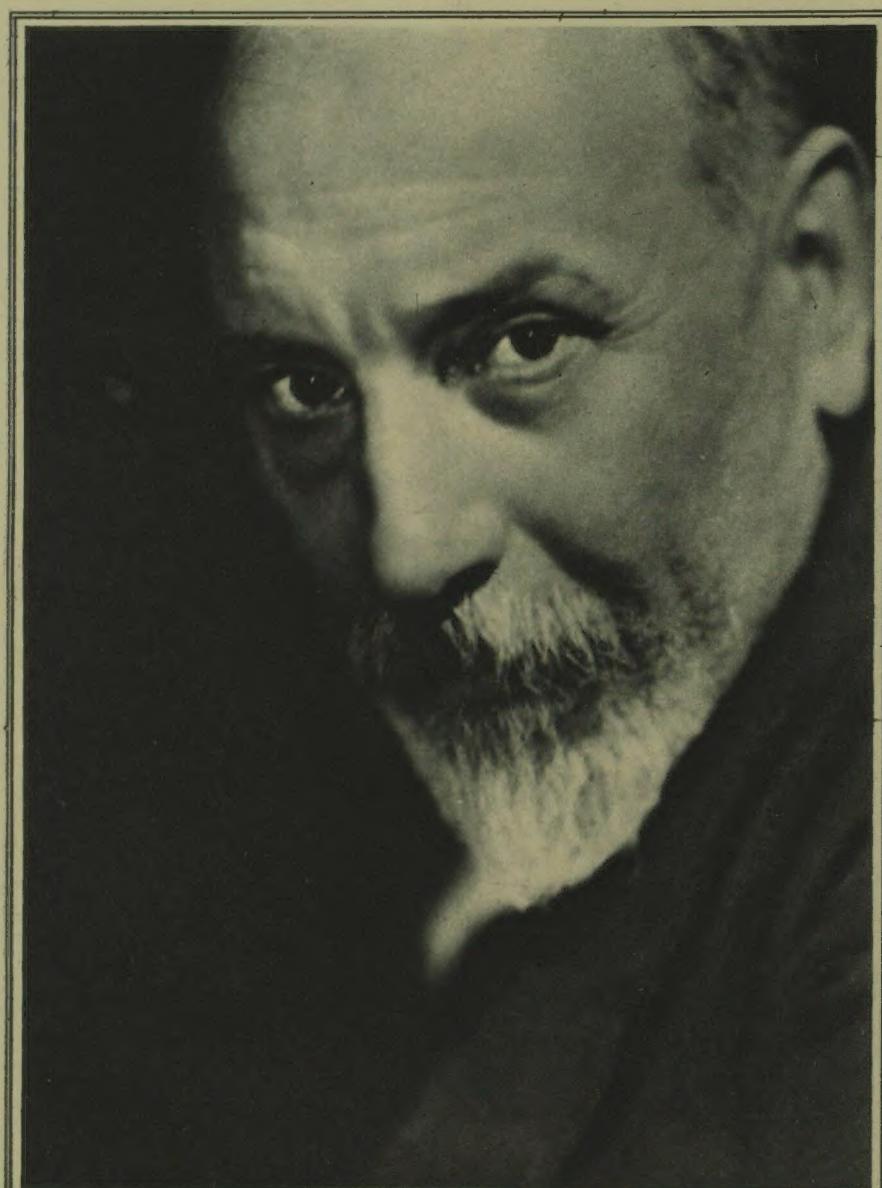
Along these lines, perfection cannot lead the cinema to the abolition of the theatre; if anything, it will ultimately lead the cinema to its own annihilation. Because the theatre will remain its living model, and, like all things alive, ever changeable; whereas the cinema will remain the same old stereotyped copy, the more unnatural and fundamentally illogical the more it tries to go so near to it as eventually to take its place. What is happening now to the cinema is the same ridiculous misadventure which *Æsop* tells us happened to the vain peacock when, on being mockingly flattered by the fiendish fox on account of his magnificent tail and of the majesty of his regal stride, he opened his mouth to show his voice and made everybody laugh.

As long as the cinema kept silent, as long as it was the dumb expression of images understood by everybody with a few written explanations which could be easily translated into all languages, the cinema, with its enormous international diffusion and with that particular taste which it had succeeded in fostering in a very large public by accustoming it to the silent vision, had become a serious competitor of the theatre, and, especially of late, a very real threat. So much was the theatre afraid of the competition that producers were already endeavouring to turn theatrical performances into performances for the eye: they borrowed from the cinema technical details such as the fading away of a scene into another to the accompaniment of soft music and darkening of the stage lights; they chose a newer and lighter repertory which, by its very lack of substance, could be more easily adapted to these effects of sudden changes prepared exclusively for the visual enjoyment; they tried, in short, to ape the cinema. There never was greater danger for the theatre. But now, instead, it is the cinema that does the aping; and the theatre need not fear any longer. If, in a cinema, I cannot see the cinema, but an ugly copy of the theatre, listening to the photographed images of actors talking incongruously with a machine-made voice mechanically transmitted, I shall prefer to go to the theatre, where, at least, there are real actors talking with their natural voices. A

talking film with the ambition of substituting itself for the whole theatre could only achieve the effect of making you regret the fact of not having in front of you the living actors performing in that very drama or comedy, but only their photographic and mechanical reproduction. Furthermore, indirectly, the talking film, instead of doing harm, will have done good to the theatre by losing—through the use of one particular language—its international appeal.

The peoples of all nations have eyes to see; but every people has its own language. Every film will require, then, as many special editions as there are nations ready to buy it; but not all will have a market capable of repaying the expenditure incurred. Many translations of one edition were possible when captions were short, but now translations of dialogues will be out of the question; nor will it be easy to find actors speaking all languages. The international market is lost. The producers of talking films will not be those who produced the silent films, but producers from the theatre. The actors—if characters must speak henceforth—will not be (except a few) those of the silent film, who have neither the habit nor the art of reciting, neither the inclination nor the voice, but men and women

[Continued on page d.]



THE GREAT ITALIAN DRAMATIST WHO IS THE AUTHOR OF THIS ARTICLE:
SIGNOR LUIGI PIRANDELLO.

Signor Luigi Pirandello, the author of this article, may fairly be called the greatest of modern Italian dramatists, and such works as "Four Characters in Search of an Author" and "Henry IV." have won him fame not only in his own country, but here, in the United States, and in Europe generally. He was born in 1867. His new play, "Lazzaro," was produced for the first time on any stage at the Theatre Royal, Huddersfield, on July 9 last.

injury done to literature, now limited to mere vision, and, naturally, deprived of all its spiritual values, which, in order to be fully expressed, must have that far more complex means of expression, the spoken word.

Now, to give the cinema the spoken word in a mechanical way is no remedy for the fundamental error, because, instead of healing the sore, it makes it worse by burying the cinema deeper and deeper into literature. With the word mechanically engraved on the film, the cinema—which is the dumb expression of images and the language of appearances—achieves the result of destroying itself in order to become a photographed and mechanical copy of the theatre—a copy which can only be bad, because all illusion of reality will be lost for the following reasons:

(1) Because the voice is of a living body which produces it, whereas on the film there are no bodies of actors as on the stage, but merely their images photographed in motion. (2) Because images do not talk; they can only be seen. If they talk, their living voice is in striking contrast with their quality of ghosts and perturbs, like an unnatural thing unmasking its mechanism. (3) Because the images in a film are seen in movement in the setting represented

AT THE TOMB OF THE BROKEN DOLLS: A QUAINTE JAPANESE SERVICE.

A MEMORIAL
SERVICE
FOR BROKEN
JAPANESE
DOLLS :
CHILDREN
OF A PRIMARY
SCHOOL BOWING
BEFORE THE
GRAVE OF
THE
PLAYTHINGS.



THE MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR THE BROKEN DOLLS: JAPANESE CHILDREN, CARRYING FLOWERS, AT THE FLOWER- AND CANDLE-DECDED ALTAR BEARING THE TRAY OF BROKEN DOLLS.

Throughout the ages, and in every land, the doll has ever been the favourite plaything of the child—in form so primitive that it is scarcely recognisable as puppet boy or girl, man or woman; and in such elaborate shape that it is, so to speak, Man at his most decorative and Woman in her most extravagant mood. There is no need, therefore, for us to excuse ourselves for reproducing the two photographs here given, which come to us from Japan. Unluckily, the photographer who sends them gives little detail, noting merely that they show

a memorial service for broken dolls, held, at the Imperial Primary School at Sugamo, Tokyo, in the presence of their little owners. That the ceremony was somewhat elaborate is, however, evident, and it is possible that, amongst other things, the priests officiating were seeking to impress on the infant mind the idea of continuity of Life from this world into the next. In the first photograph, children are seen bowing at the grave of the dolls, which is marked by the rough stone shown, which is inscribed "Ningio-Haka," the Dolls' Grave.

THE DROUGHT—A MENACE TO HEALTH AND TO LABOUR: ELOQUENT ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE VERY DRY PERIOD.



ILLUSTRATING THE LOW CONDITION OF MOST OF THE RESERVOIRS IN THE NORTH OF ENGLAND, AS A RESULT OF THE LONG PERIOD OF DRY WEATHER: THE DAM FLASK RESERVOIR OF THE SHEFFIELD CORPORATION IN ITS DEPLETED STATE.



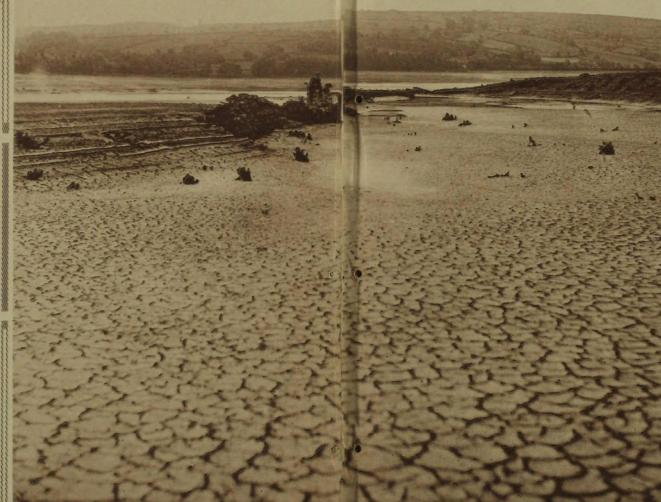
WHY LONDON IS SO WELL SITUATED WITH REGARD TO WATER: THE LITTLETON RESERVOIR, "QUEEN MARY," WHOSE COMPLETION HAS ALMOST DOUBLED THE STORAGE CAPACITY OF THE LONDON AIR VIEW.



SHOWING A PART OF THE "VILLAGE" THAT IS USUALLY SUBMERGED: THE DERWENT WATER WORKS (WHICH PROVIDE SUPPLIES FOR DERBY, LEICESTER, NOTTINGHAM, AND SHEFFIELD) IN AN EXCELENTLY DRY STATE, OWING TO LACK OF RAIN.



THE PROBLEM OF DOMESTIC-WATER SUPPLY: THE OFFICIAL WATER-SELLER OF DOCKING, IN NORFOLK, DOING AN EXCEPTIONAL TRADE.



A SUPPLIER OF LEEDS AS "ONE HUGE SUN-BAKED MUD-CAKE AT ONE END": THE SWINSTY RESERVOIR, 13



FOR DRINKING PURPOSES ONLY: DRAWING A STRICTLY RATIONED WATER-SUPPLY FROM A VILLAGE WELL NEAR SEVENOAKS.

So serious a menace to health and to labour had the drought in this country become by the end of last week that on the 136th rainless day of the year, July 19, the Metropolitan Water Board announced their decision to enforce until further notice the suspension of the use of water for gardens and motor-cars by means of hoses, outside taps, and sprinklers, and to inform consumers that they would render themselves liable to penalties for waste, misuse, or undue consumption of water. The ban came into force at once. The drought was, of course, broken to some extent by the torrential downpour on the Saturday night, but the necessity for caution remained. Obviously, outward and visible signs of the lack of rain were soon in evidence throughout the country, a fact to which the photographs here give bear eloquent witness. Quite apart from the action of the Metropolitan Water Board, it is interesting to recall that, a day or two before that body's order, Mr. Arthur Greenwood, the Minister of Health, had issued a memorandum urging economy. In this he said: "With the exception of the southern district of Cornwall, abnormally low rainfall has been experienced throughout England and Wales since December last, and the recorded

figures for the early months of the year reveal a more pronounced scarcity than at any corresponding period since 1921. Although in a number of districts the sufficiency of water supplies appears not to be in danger, a continuance of the dry period through the ensuing summer months will involve more of the water authorities either in actual shortage or in the risk of shortage. Further, the statistics now available for a long succession of years indicate that rainfall during the next few years may continue to fall short of the average." With regard to certain of our photographs, the following points may be added. The Dam Flask Reservoir of the Sheffield Corporation is about five miles from the city, near Bradfield, and is a mile and a-half in length, with an area of 115 acres. When full, it has a storage capacity of 1,158,000,000 gallons. The Derwent Water Works are run by the Derwent Valley Water Board. Each of the two existing reservoirs holds 2,000,000,000 gallons. Another is to be built. The official water-seller of Docking, whose trade has been exceedingly brisk, retails water at one halfpenny for three gallons. The Washburn, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, supplies some of the water for Leeds.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

AN APPEAL TO ANGLERS: FIXED PARASITES OF FISHES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THERE must be many who propose to spend their summer holiday with rod and line. They are to be envied, for, by quiet streams, they will escape our noisy roads. In these reposeful haunts,

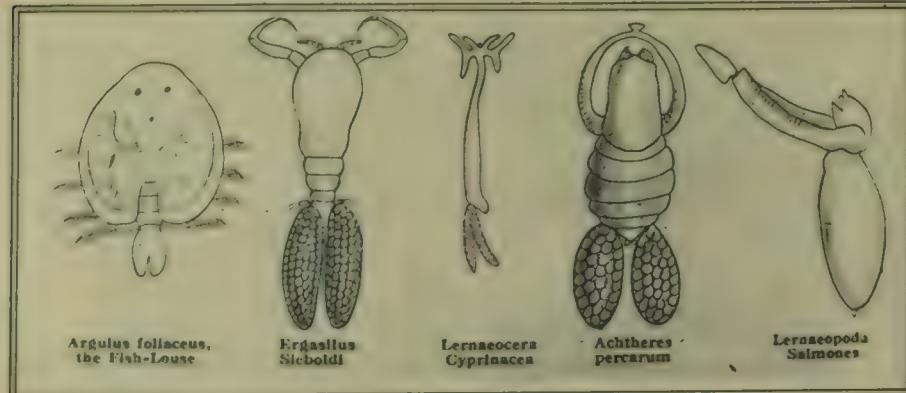
only just started on the down-hill course and some have touched its lowest depths. Among the least changed is the common "fish-louse," *Argulus* (Fig. 1), for this is still an obvious crustacean, and may often be

found freely swimming about.

Scarcely a perch or roach can be found which has not one or two attached to it, but they must be carefully looked for, since their bodies are translucent and match the coloration of their victim. In point of size, they are nearly as large as one's little fingernail, oval in shape, with a short tail; and with fairly long legs. They may be sought for either on the scales or at the base of

horns, behind which project a pair of bifid arms. But this head is always deeply buried in the gills. Another, *Achtheres percarum*, found on the gills of perch and trout, is less degenerate (Fig. 1), for it has a pair of long, hook-like legs, a distinct head, and a segmented body bearing a pair of egg-bags. *Ergasilus Sieboldi* is another obvious crustacean found on the gills of carp and pike; and, though common on the Continent, it has never been taken in Britain. Captures, perchance, will be made this year.

I dare hardly hope that mature anglers will be induced to return to the capture of the common stickleback, which afforded such thrilling sport in the days of their youth. But in the cause of science they may so far unbend, for it has a parasite peculiar to itself, though it has till now only been found (and quite commonly) on specimens taken in brackish water. Whether it occurs also in such as have taken entirely to a marine life remains to be discovered. The fish-louse of the salmon (*Lepeophtheirus salmonis*), it will be remembered, is found on practically all "fresh-run" fish, but dies soon after its introduction to fresh water. The males of such "lice" are rare, and are much smaller than the females, which measure about three-quarters of an inch in length. But no sooner have the poor fish got rid of their marine enemy than they are attacked by another, a nearly related fresh-water species—the "gill-maggot" *Lernaeopoda*



1. "FIXED PARASITES" OF FISHES: SOME INTERESTING STAGES IN DEGENERATION. *Argulus* is the least affected, and can still swim about freely. *Ergasilus* is permanently anchored to its host by a pair of hook-like legs. In *Achtheres* these have become transformed into suckers; but it still retains a segmented body. In *Lernaeopoda* the leg-like hooks have become transformed into suckers. In *Lernaeocera* the semblance to a crustacean has vanished.

men, almost of necessity, gain an insight into the ways of the wild creatures which find an asylum there, and many are the records of such ways that we owe to anglers. Some, like that delightful old gossip, Izaak Walton, ponder more deeply on the creatures under the water than on those above it or around it. But there do not seem to be many who have made what I may call an intensive study of fishes. Rather, they concentrate only on such of their haunts and habits as are likely to reward them with a fuller creel. Yet, if they can be persuaded to widen their survey, so as to embrace the whole life-history of the fishes which more especially interest them, they will find an even deeper and more satisfying fascination in their chosen solitudes.

There is one aspect of this life-history which is well worth a little reflective study, and this concerns the more insidious enemies of fishes—to wit, their "fixed parasites," which are of many kinds, and often of strange shapes. Just now, let me say something of what are known as "fish-lice." To begin with, these are not lice at all—those horrible creatures are insects—but crustacea, own cousins to the lobster, the prawn, and the crab. Having, however, taken to evil ways, they have, as a consequence, lost all their personality, and become mere "reproductive bodies," unrecognisable save to the trained carcinologist. And even he would be unable to determine their place in the animal kingdom but for the fact that in their early infancy they are as other members of their tribe moving freely about the waters. But their inherent criminality soon asserts itself, and the process of final degradation is rapid and complete.

So far, no explanation is forthcoming for the fact that the crustacea are more prone to produce parasites than any group of the animal kingdom save the worms. And each of the many types of crustacea has produced degenerates. This is especially true of that group of minute creatures known as the "Copepoda," of which our common freshwater "cyclops" is a good example. Take a bowl of water from any pond, and you will find them swimming about by dozens. About the size of a pin's head, and with a pair of egg-bags on each side of the tail, they cannot be mistaken. But perhaps the most remarkable of all these parasites is *Sacculina*, which may be described as a barnacle in disguise, for it is from this group that it has descended.

As with all other types of degenerates, some have

the breast-fin, where the skin is thin and easily pierced.

These parasitic types have formed the subject of long and patient investigation by my friend Mr. Robert Gurney, who appeals to anglers this summer to keep a careful watch for certain types found on fresh-water fishes, and to send them to him, pickled in formalin, or even whisky (!), addressed to Bayworth Corner, Boars Hill, Oxford. Some are reputed to be excessively rare; nevertheless, they may prove to occur with some frequency when a careful watch is kept for them. Some are very minute, and nearly all are to be sought on the red gills, which should be cut out with the parasite attached. It is probably just because this is their hiding-place that they have so long escaped notice, for very few, even among anglers, ever examine the gills of their captures.

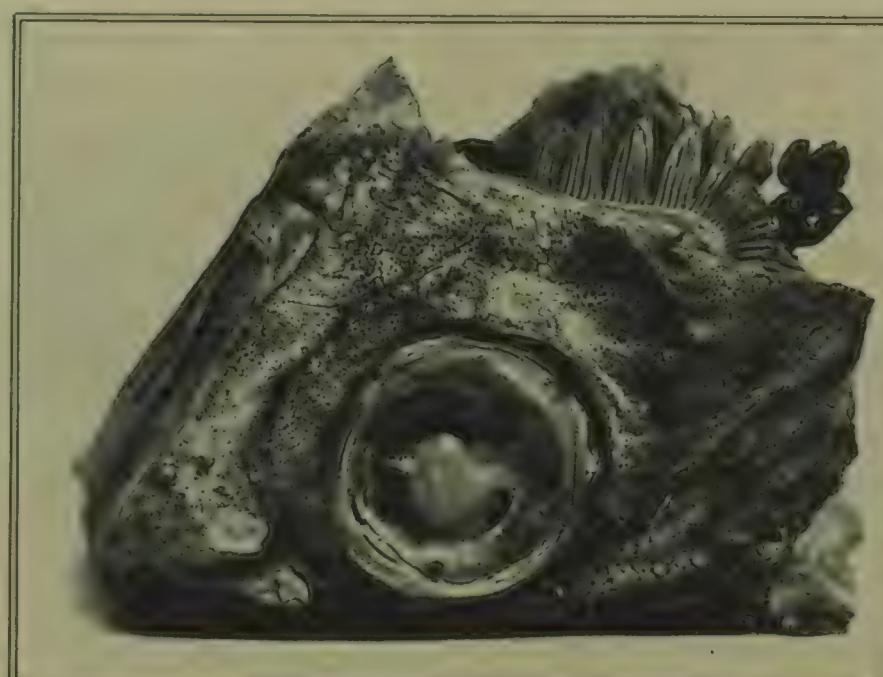
Of these fixed parasites only four species have been found on British fishes. One of these, *Lernaeocera Cyprinacea*, of the carp—found in this case on the



3. THE PARASITE LERNEA:

AN ENLARGEMENT (SEE FIG. 2).

The gill-arch has been cut away, and most of the gill-filaments have been removed, to show the long "neck," which bears the head embedded in the tissue of the gill. The body is doubled up on itself, and bears a series of long, coiled tubes containing the eggs.



2. THE HEAD OF A "BIB," OR WHITING-POUT, WITH THE GILL-COVER REMOVED.
THE PARASITE, LERNEA, ON THE RIGHT BY THE GILL FILAMENTS.

Most of these parasitic crustacea are found on the gills, and in many, as in *Lernea* (shown here) the head is deeply buried in the tissue of the gill, so that, once the free-swimming larval life is over, it is fixed for life. In this photograph the filaments have been partly cut away to show the parasite.

scales, and not on the gills—has not been taken in Britain since 1783! As will be seen in Fig. 1, it has a long, worm-like body, bearing behind it a pair of egg-bags, and terminating in front in a short pair of

a fraction of all the known species of these parasites has been mentioned here, but enough, I hope, has been said to show that these creatures are of considerable interest.

THE MODERN CAPITAL OF TURKEY: ANGORA OLD AND NEW.



1. FAMILIAR TO MANY BRITISH OFFICER PRISONERS OF WAR: ANGORA—PART OF YENI SHEHIR (NEW TOWN) AND THE OLD TOWN (RECENTLY DAMAGED BY FIRE) AND CITADEL ON THE HILL BEYOND.



2. THE INFLUENCE OF GERMAN ARCHITECTURE IN MODERN ANGORA: THE OFFICES OF THE TURKISH MINISTRY OF HEALTH.



6. IN MODERN ANGORA: (RIGHT) THE GARDENS AND PART OF THE BUILDINGS OF THE TURKISH PARLIAMENT HOUSE; AND (LEFT) THE ANGORA PALACE HOTEL.



3. WITH A MODEL OF THE EX-GERMAN BATTLE-CRUISER "GOEBEN" (NOW THE TURKISH "SULTAN SELIM") ON THE CENTRAL TABLE: THE PRESIDENT'S RECEPTION-ROOM IN THE PALACE AT ANGORA.



7. THE NEW PUBLIC LABORATORY AT ANGORA: A MODERN STRUCTURE ON SEVERE LINES, WITH METEOROLOGICAL INSTRUMENTS ON THE ROOF AND A SCULPTURED FIGURE SYMBOLIC OF HEALING.



4. A STRONGHOLD OF NATIONALIST TURKEY: THE TURK OJAGH, OR TURKISH CLUB (LEFT), AT ANGORA, WITH THE ART MUSEUM (RIGHT) AND A CAMEL CARAVAN (FOREGROUND).



8. THE DESERT MADE FERTILE BY MODERN SCIENCE: PRESIDENT KEMAL PASHA'S MODEL FARM NEAR ANGORA, SUPERVISED BY FOREIGN AGRICULTURAL SPECIALISTS.



5. MODERNITY AND ANTIQUITY: THE OFFICES OF THE PRIME MINISTER, IN TURKISH STYLE OF ARCHITECTURE, AND THE ANCIENT COLUMN OF AUGUSTUS (EXTREME LEFT).

Angora, which has superseded Constantinople as the Turkish capital, has a special interest as a place where British officers languished as prisoners of war. Its old town was reported seriously damaged by fire on July 18. On the photographs it is noted: (1) Here are modern villas mainly occupied by officials. As everywhere in new Angora, the Germans are much to the fore. (2) The name of the Ministry of Health, in old Turkish lettering, was recently removed from the façade, presumably to be replaced in Latin characters. The Health Minister recently left for a tour in the United States and Canada, and will visit England. (3) This is one of the finest rooms in the Palace of the Grand National Assembly. (4) At the Museum was recently held an exhibition of art by Turkish students trained, under Government auspices, in Paris. (6) At the Angora Palace Hotel ex-King Amanullah of Afghanistan stayed. (7) The employees at the Public Laboratory wear the white garb customary at such institutions. (8) Mustapha Kemal's model farm has converted what was once a desert into very fertile ground.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

THE MORNING THEATRE.—EVE LAVALLIÈRE.—“CHARLES, DUKE OF BYRON.”

HERE is an interesting bit of news—a *primeur* to my page. I have always maintained that a great deal of money is wasted in our World of the Theatre by keeping the playhouses closed during many hours in the day. Already the Coliseum has modified its policy by giving three shows daily instead of two, and the *kinema* is gradually following the example of New York by turning-on from 12 noon to 11 p.m. But nobody had thought of catering for the thousands and thousands of playgoers and play-lovers who perambulate the London streets in the morning, and often, unless they go to museums, picture galleries, and picture-houses—do not know how to kill time before luncheon. Well, they will have their chance now, and, while enjoying themselves, do something for the younger generation—for the many actors and actresses who are thirsting for glory and clamouring for a hearing. The famous theatre-page of the *Daily Telegraph* on Thursdays is still full of advertisements which somebody called the tombstones, on which the ominous word “free,” or the equally frank “disengaged,” looms large and sadly. This has inspired someone, who wants to remain nameless for the present, with a thought which, as it were, will kill two birds

with one stone—make an end of morning dulness and give an opening to unemployed actors. If all arrangements can be completed, there will be opened in the autumn of this year, at a theatre not a thousand miles from the shopping centre of Regent Street, a season of performances under the title of

THE MORNING THEATRE.

Here, from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. every day, will be given, under the direction of well-known young producers, a series of plays new and old, but mainly cheerful, manned by those of the younger generation who are willing to co-operate on a commonwealth basis; and, in order to make the new enterprise alluring and accessible to all purses, the price of admission will be low enough to compete with the *kinema*. In fact, the best seats will cost only two shillings, and all the others one shilling. It would be a miracle if such a bait did not attract “house full” every morning. From the actors’ point of view, apart from the splendid acting opportunities, the idea has the advantage that, instead of eating their hearts out, many will not only have a salary which will compare favourably with touring pay, but will have much time on hand to add elsewhere to their earnings, if the occasion presents itself. For the Morning Theatre will be run on economical lines—“Plays of Few People and Little Scenery” will be its slogan; “Fortnightly Changes of Programme” its policy. And, if possible, the intention is gradually to form a repertory company in two sections—one of them playing and the other rehearsing—so that at all times there will be two plays on the stocks and a possible failure may be wiped out at the shortest notice. It seems a sound proposition and a feasible one, does it not, my readers?—for whose expression of opinion I should be grateful. And, so, in the near future, it is hoped, the Morning Theatre of London will fill a long-felt want and come to stay.

In 1917 we had a French Theatre in London, mainly recruited from refugees whose occupation in Belgium and France was temporarily gone. One day, I had heard that Eve Lavallière was at the Savoy Hotel, and that she might be persuaded to take a star-part in a performance for one of the War Funds. I knew her slightly, and had been present at her triumphs at the Variétés when all the world was

rushing to see her in “La Veine” and “Les Deux Ecoles,” and her director, Mr. Samuel, married her to “attach her to his house.” In her way, she was unique. She looked a gipsy, and she had what the French call “le diable au corps.” When she fired off

the most of *double-ententes*—who could forget her naughtiness in Offenbach’s “Orphée aux Enfers,” which was the joy of Paris in pre-war days, as it was the apogee of the Second Empire? But she was also a wonderful emotional actress. In the serious scenes of

“La Veine” her whole being seemed to change. The *gamine* became a *tragédienne*—in fact, one of her unfulfilled wishes was to play Racine’s “Phèdre.” No one smiled when she suggested it—when she recited the Alexandrines, as she did sometimes to her intimates, awe and majesty were in her delivery. Hers was a dual, mystic nature. No one could ever foretell what she would make of a part. She loved to frivole at rehearsals until the *répétition générale* drew near. Then she was the artist born: scenes that seemed of no importance grew to dramatic force; even Capus, her friend and favourite author, had to admit that she read into his pieces more than he had ever seen in them. Well, one day she sent for me to discuss the plan I have mentioned; I found her in bed at her hotel. She had not made up for the occasion. Her raven hair was playing on her face; it was a little tinged with grey, and she looked very wan and thin. She felt very lonely, she said—she wanted somebody

to talk to. Of course, I tried to persuade her to play one of her favourite parts for us—a comedy by Flers and Caillavet. “I would if I could,” she said. “But I am finished. I have *chagrin d’amour*; and she twisted a letter in her fingers. “I want peace and country life”—and the result of the interview, which lasted the best part of the morning, was that I should take her into the country and find a cottage where she could walk about with “bare legs” in the dew. So we went to Westerham, in Kent, where I showed her a cottage near to a house I had often rented in the summer. She took it, and went to stay there with a duenna—I think she was a dresser promoted to be a *confidante*, and afterwards I heard queer tales from villagers of the two ladies who in the dead of night haunted the garden in white flowing dresses, fondling a horse or a cow that would stray in from the adjacent meadow. From time to time, I would write to her and urge a matinée—telling her how eager our public were to see her again, how she would be made much of, what it would mean to the Fund—and she always replied by telegram—something to the effect that “I cannot make up my mind, but I don’t say ‘no.’” Then, one day she telephoned me to come to the Savoy again; I found her in the midst of trunks and packing. She was weeping all the time. I could not help thinking of the last act of a Sardou play, when she said, “This is my *adieu* to you and the world. I am going to devote myself to God and good works.” I think she also said something about “expiation” and parting with the world’s goods. Suddenly she exclaimed, “Poor little friend whom I have cheated of his matinée—but when I am a Carmelite I will pray for you.” She gave me a farewell kiss. That was the last I saw of Eve Lavallière, the great actress. From time to time I read in the papers of her seclusion and her goodness to the poor. From time to time, also, there were rumours of a possible return to the stage. Evidently, the old love had some hold on her, for, although she lived and died as a nun, she never took the vow.

Mr. William Poel goes on indefatigably digging out for us the lesser masterpieces of Elizabethan drama, and the other afternoon, at the Royalty, on a tableau platform, he presented Chapman’s tragedy “Charles Duke of Byron.” It would be ungracious not



THE DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE ELOPES FROM THE BALL IN 1875: MISS PEGGY WOOD AND MR. GEORGE METAXA AS SARAH AND CARL, IN “BITTER SWEET,” AT HIS MAJESTY’S.

witty lines the whole theatre was as if electrified. She literally illuminated the dialogue; she was as volatile as a squirrel, and her facial expression was kaleidoscopic in its variety. She revelled in making



THE SINGING LESSON IN “BITTER SWEET”: CARL (GEORGE METAXA) FALLS IN LOVE WITH HIS PUPIL SARAH (PEGGY WOOD).

“Bitter Sweet,” the new operetta by Noel Coward, was presented at His Majesty’s by Mr. Charles B. Cochran last week. The first scene is in 1929, but the story carries its hearers back to 1875, when Sarah Millican elopes with her music-teacher. The history of her life, and how she became a prima donna, and then a Marchioness, is retailed in the following scenes, and the piece ends with a return to modern times.

(Continued on page 184.)

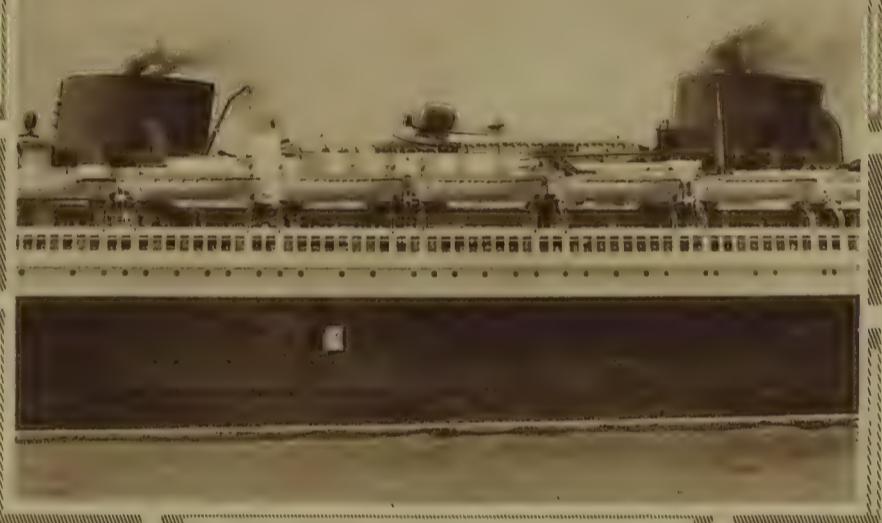
CHALLENGER OF THE "MAURETANIA": THE SPEED-LINER "BREMEN."



SHOWING THE SHIP'S NAME, WHICH IS ILLUMINATED AT NIGHT: THE UPPER PROMENADE-DECK OF THE "BREMEN," A LINER DESIGNED TO ATTEMPT THE BREAKING OF THE CROSS-ATLANTIC SPEED RECORD.



ONE OF THE MANY SIGNS OF THE FACT THAT THE "BREMEN" WAS BUILT FOR EXCEPTIONAL SPEED: ONE OF THE OVAL FUNNELS OF THE SHIP, WHICH IS STREAM-LINED AS FAR AS POSSIBLE.



TO ENABLE EXPRESS MAILS TO BE LANDED A DAY BEFORE THE SHIP DOCKS: THE SEAPLANE HOUSED ABOARD THE "BREMEN," FOR LAUNCHING BY CATAPOULT WHEN THE VESSEL IS ABOUT 600 MILES FROM PORT.



CHARACTERISTIC OF THE CARE TAKEN TO ENSURE PLEASURE ON THE "BREMEN": THE CHILDREN'S PLAY-ROOM; SHOWING ITS "NURSERY" DECORATIONS, A MECHANICAL RAILWAY, AND A "CHUTE."



THE SCENE OF AFTERNOON CINEMATOGRAPH PERFORMANCES: IN THE ELABORATE BALL-ROOM OF THE "BREMEN," WHICH CAN ALSO BE USED AS A THEATRE AND AS A CONCERT HALL.



ATTACHED TO THE "BREMEN'S" SWIMMING-POOL, WHICH HAS A "BAR": PROVISION FOR MEDICINAL BATHS OF VARIOUS KINDS AND ELECTRICAL AND SUN-RAY TREATMENT.

The new 46,000-ton North German Lloyd liner "Bremen," challenger of the world-famous Cunarder "Mauretania" for the Atlantic speed-record, started on her maiden voyage from Southampton to New York on July 17. That she had something to beat is made evident when it is remembered that last May the "Mauretania," sailing at an average speed of 25½ knots, covered the 3400 miles from New York to Southampton in 5½ days, and at times reached nearly 28 knots. During her trials of the other day, the "Bremen" is said to have reached 30 knots for several hours. That she is built for speed, as well as for comfort, goes, therefore, without the saying; and it will be noticed that she is streamlined as far as possible—even unto her funnels, which, as one of our photographs

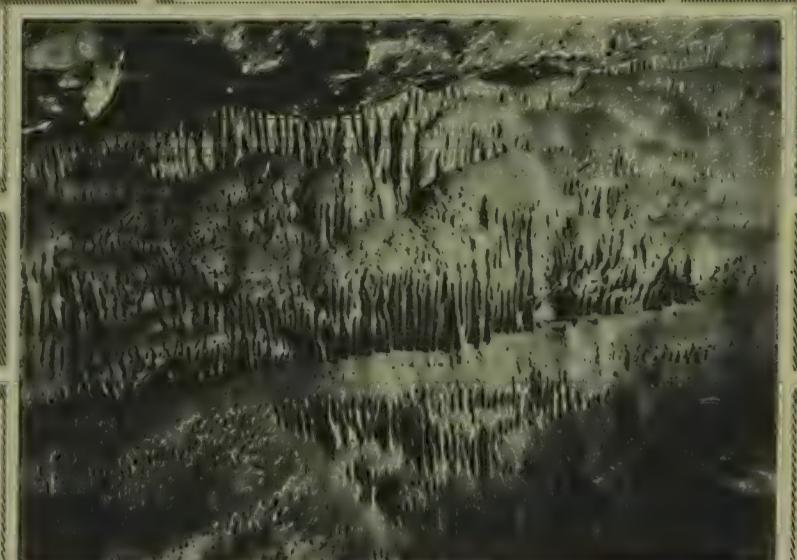
shows well, are oval. As though she were not speedy enough, she carries a seaplane which it is proposed to launch by catapult when the vessel is some 600 miles from her port of destination, in order that express mails may be delivered a day before the ship herself reaches port! She is rather over 920 feet in length, and her beam is just under 100 feet. She burns oil fuel, at the rate of about 1000 tons a day. Amongst her amenities are a ball-room, in which afternoon cinematograph performances are given; a "shopping street," a sun-deck restaurant, and a swimming-bath with a "bar" attached, plus provision for all forms of medicinal baths and steam, electrical, and sun-ray treatment. She is reported to have cost over £3,000,000.

A HOME OF PREHISTORIC BRITONS—AND CANNIBALS: WOOKEY HOLE CAVE.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY COURTESY OF J. HARRY SAVORY.



ADVANCED AS EVIDENCE THAT CERTAIN IRON AGE BRITONS PRACTISED CANNIBALISM WHILE DWELLING IN THE CAVE OF WOOKEY HOLE: FOOD-ANIMAL BONES AND HUMAN BONES FOUND ON THE SAME LEVEL.



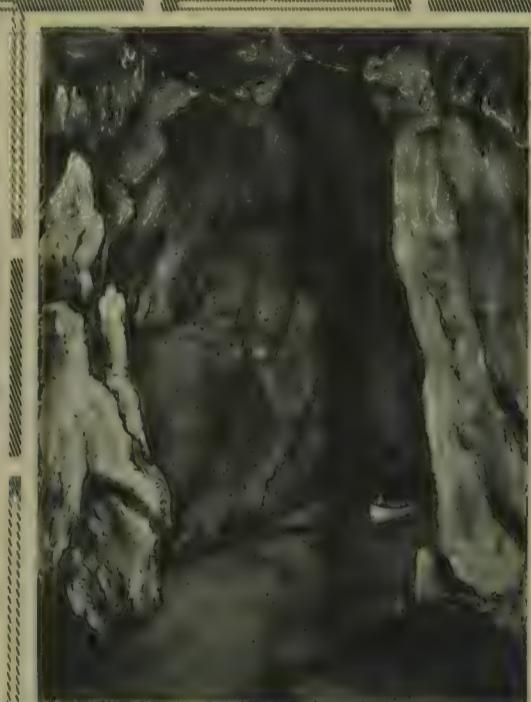
"LACE" IN LIME: A WALL OF STALACTITE—ONE OF THE MANY VERY BEAUTIFUL FORMATIONS TO BE SEEN IN THE MYSTERIOUS AGES-OLD CAVE OF WOOKEY HOLE, IN THE MENDIPS, NEAR WELLS.



A MAMMOTH, CHASED BY WOLVES, FALLS TOWARDS THE ESCAPING PLACE OF THE AXE: A SCENE AT WOOKEY HOLE IN PREHISTORIC TIMES—A RECONSTRUCTION BY JOHN HASSALL.



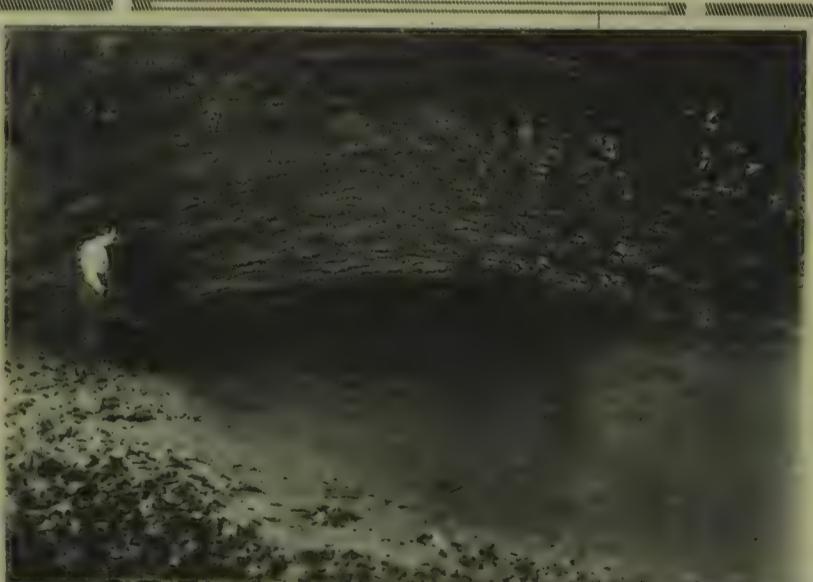
LEADING FROM FLOOR TO ROOF: A MAGNIFICENT STALAGMITE PILLAR, WITH AN INSIGNIFICANT STALACTITE OF A FEW INCHES AT ITS HEAD.



WHERE THE AXE FLOWS MYSTERIOUSLY: IN THE WEIRD "KITCHEN" OF THE WITCH OF WOOKEY HOLE, WHO, PETRIFIED BUT DOMINANT, STILL DWELLS WITHIN—A HASSALL RECONSTRUCTION.



AN EERIE ASPECT OF THE STRANGE CAVE: THE POOLS AND MOUND OF SAND AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE THIRD CHAMBER.



THE SUBTERRANEAN AXE: LOOKING TOWARDS THE UNKNOWN—THE LAST SUBMERGED ARCH UP-RIVER IN THE CAVE.

The Cave of Wookey Hole, as may be judged not only from these illustrations, but from that of the Witch shown on another page and the two colour-pages in this number, is of extraordinary interest. It is beautiful with all the weird beauty of the stalagmite and the stalactite, but, more than that, it has a most remarkable history; and it is good that it should have been opened up to the public by Captain and Mrs. G. W. Hodgkinson. Its age is unknown, but, as Mr. Alan Bell has it, the only dispute about the Cave is for how many thousands of years it has existed. "Certainly," he continues, "the Hole was hospitable to the people of pre-history whom we vaguely set in the ages of Stone and Iron

and Bronze, and was already old when the rhinoceros and lion came down to the Axe to drink." Many relics of many periods have been found in it, and of these none, perhaps, has greater interest than those shown in the first photograph on this page; for the food-animal bones and human bones there depicted are advanced as proof that certain cave-dwellers of the Iron Age practised cannibalism; it is difficult to explain otherwise the existence of human bones on a precise parallel with the bones of food-animals.



FREE OF THE WITCH OF WOOKEY HOLE: THE ESCAPE OF THE AXE.

The Cave of Wookey Hole, the eerie abode legend has given to a petrified witch, is reached through a glen, at the head of which stands a mill. "In the northern wall of rock is an arching cavity, beneath which spreads out a fan-shaped basin brimmed with water of a dull, translucent blue. It is the Axe escaping from the thraldom of the Cave. From one point of the level rim the water cascades down a slope of worn and moss-covered stones; at a second, it pours into the narrow stone channel that was cut to serve the mill. A little to the left is Wookey Hole." We quote Mr. Alan Bell's "Wookey Hole, the Cave and its

Story." In the same manner, it is written in Mr. H. E. Balch's "The Great Cave of Wookey Hole": "The first phase in the formation of the cave may be examined in the more remote upper galleries, whilst in the great chambers at river level the subterranean Axe is for ever sapping, sapping, sapping at the foundation of those mighty walls, which seem capable of defying its every effort. Here at the mouth of the cave we may listen in flood time, as Axe bursts its bonds and goes roaring out of the cave as if in joy of its sudden freedom, racing away down the valley on its way to Severn Sea."



WOOKEY HOLE, OF THE PETRIFIED WITCH, THE AXE, AND THE ECHOES: IN THE GROTTO.

The Cave of Wookey Hole, which is of unknown age, and was at one time the home of prehistoric Man (not to mention Iron Age cannibals who shared the culture of the Glastonbury lake villages) and later was, amongst other things, a hyenas' den, showing bones of the mammoth, the rhinoceros, and the lion, is famous not only for that cavern which is the stronghold of the petrified witch, whom the less romantic describe as "a strange stalagmite," but for two other caverns and for a grotto. Of the other two caverns, that

called "The Hall" presents fine roof stalactites, and would have shown more had not Mr. Alexander Pope wanted some for his artificial grotto at Twickenham! The third, named "The Witch's Parlour," adds to its interest an echo more profound and more perfect than that of the Whispering Gallery of St. Paul's. In addition, there are the Grottos; and "at a point in the ascent," says Mr. Bell, "is one of the best formations in the Hole,—a slender grey column, over five feet high, which has been dubbed 'The Sentinel.' "

A PETRIFIED MARPLOT: THE WICKED OLD WOMAN OF WOOKEY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF J. HARRY SAVORY.



THE WITCH OF WOKEY HOLE: THE HAG TURNED INTO STONE BY THE PRAYERS OF A GLASTONBURY MONK!

The Cave of Wookey Hole, the eerie and entrancing "sight" of the village of Wookey Hole, at the foot of the Mendips and almost within sight of the towers of Wells Cathedral, owes its fame not only to the beauty of its stalagmites and stalactites, and to the passage of the River Axe through it, but to the legend that it was the abode of a witch—a marplot still to be seen in it by the curious in the petrified form into which she was turned by the prayers of a monk of Glastonbury, who was sent for by peasants of old that he might rid them of a hag who not only made mischief during the spell of her natural life, but, even

as she was "congealing" under the exorcising, cursed the maids of Wookey, depriving them of sweethearts in perpetuity! "The witch may be half-fiction," says Mr. Alan Bell; but he is wise enough, you will see, to used the word "half." Mr. Balch, on the other hand, claims to show that there was, in fact, a witch of Wookey; but even he is not daring enough to suggest that it is certainly that very witch, in stony shape, who is to be seen in the kitchen of the cave. Indeed, it is regrettable to note that he is unkind enough to refer to the famous beldam as "a shapeless mass of dripstone"!

"NON-FAMILY" RUSSIA: MARRIAGE; DIVORCE; COMMUNAL LIFE.



IN SOVIET CENTRAL ASIA, AS IT IS IN SOVIET RUSSIA: A COMMUNIST COUPLE AT TASHKENT "INSCRIBING" THEMSELVES IN THE MARRIAGE-REGISTRY BOOK, ALTHOUGH THEY RETAIN PERSONAL FREEDOM THEREAFTER.



IN RUSSIA, WHERE THE NUMBER OF DIVORCES IN CERTAIN MONTHS EQUALS THE NUMBER OF MARRIAGES: RUSSIANS WHO HAVE "INSCRIBED" THEMSELVES DIVORCING THEMSELVES BY "WRITING THEMSELVES OUT" IN A REGISTER.

One of the strongest tendencies in Soviet Russia is, as it were, to nationalize and standardise the individual. That greatest of all economic units, the family, strong as tradition is, is beginning to lose its strength, not so much because the members of any one family are necessarily divided one from the other, but because a number of families will dwell in apartment-houses communally run, with communal kitchens, communal laundry, common-rooms, and so forth. This state of things is aided by the ease of divorce, and the fact that Soviet Russia makes no distinction between registered or unregistered, wedded or unwedded, mothers, although the obligations to the father towards his children are the same. The root of the whole thing, as we have said, is the socialisation of many of the activities and functions of the home. To quote Mr. Maurice Hindus, in "*Asia*": "To the Revolutionaries the home is an economic, and in many ways a social, monstrosity. Would it not be cheaper, say they, to have community kitchens? . . . Would it not be more saving and more pleasing to have a community laundry? . . . Would it not be more politic to have a community nursery?"—and so it goes on. And Mr. Hindus adds: "It is also significant that in the new Russian houses the apartments are never more than three rooms with bath. Large individual dwellings



AN EXAMPLE OF COMMUNAL LIFE, WHICH FOR THE TIME BEING, AT ALL EVENTS, SHOWS SIGNS OF ERASING THAT OLD UNIT, THE FAMILY: A PUBLIC ROOM IN THE OFFICES OF HOUSE-BUILDING CO-OPERATIVES IN THE BLACK SEA REGION.

may possibly never again be built in Russia. There is no need, say the Russians, of more than three rooms for one family, even a large one, because so much of its life has already been removed from the shelter of the parental roof and transferred to outside places."



"ALL CHILDREN ARE LEGITIMATE IN RUSSIA, WHETHER BORN IN OR OUT OF WEDLOCK, AND A RIGID LAW ENFORCES PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY, WHICH MAY EVENTUALLY BE TAKEN OVER BY THE STATE": A MOTHER REGISTERING A BIRTH IN A SOVIET REGISTRY OFFICE.



ANTICIPATING THE PREDICTED DAY UPON WHICH THE RUSSIAN SOVIET STATE WILL TAKE OVER THE CARE OF ALL CHILDREN BORN WITHIN IT, "LEGITIMATE" OR "ILLEGITIMATE": BABIES IN A COMMUNAL NURSERY OF THE KIND COMMUNISTS ARE SEEKING TO ESTABLISH EVERYWHERE.

MOSCOW WAR-LIKE: TROOPS; AN ANTI-CHINA DEMONSTRATION.



THE CRISIS BETWEEN RUSSIA AND CHINA OVER THE DISPUTED CONTROL OF THE CHINESE EASTERN RAILWAY: A GREAT CROWD IN MOSCOW CHEERING TROOPS LEAVING FOR MANCHURIA—WITH A BANNER READING: "AT THE FIRST CALL, ALL OF US WILL STAND FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE SOVIET."



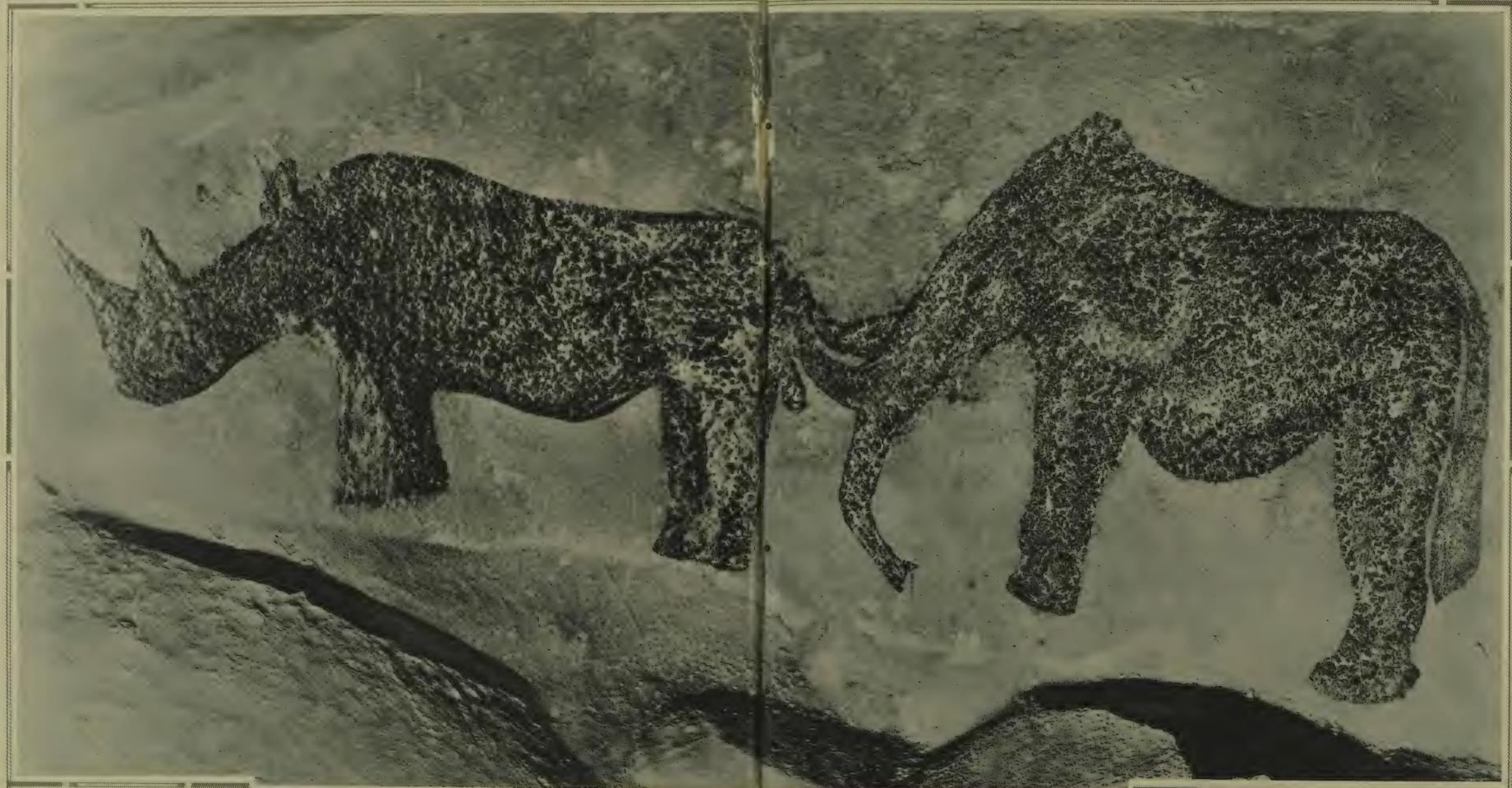
AN ANTI-CHINA DEMONSTRATION "BRILLIANTLY ORGANISED AND CARRIED OUT" IN MOSCOW AFTER RUSSIA HAD BROKEN OFF DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS WITH CHINA: SOVIET CAVALRY AND INFANTRY HOLDING BACK A MENACING CROWD OUTSIDE THE CHINESE LEGATION.

With regard to these photographs, we may make two quotations. The first is from the "Sunday Times," and is from a telegram dated from Moscow on July 20, by its correspondent there: "The threat of war with China is kindling a flaming spirit of patriotism among the Russian people, Communists and non-Communists alike. . . . The Government, with uncanny ingenuity, is directing patriotic sentiment into advantageous channels." The second is from the "Times" of July 18. This says, under the date of the 17th, from Riga: "The authorities continue to stage demonstrations in all centres, particularly in Moscow, where the factories received special facilities to demonstrate before the

Chinese Legation. A message issued this morning to all factories stated that yesterday's demonstrations were 'brilliantly organised and carried out.' Crowds besieged the Chinese Legation during the greater part of the day, bombarding the building with pickled cucumbers and apples in the intervals between 'cacophonies' with special orchestras, composed of all sorts of wind instruments, even hooters and whistles." The official agency which issues this message adds that 'at least 500,000 people demonstrated before the Chinese Legation yesterday.' . . . As all resolutions are dictated by Moscow, it is noteworthy that they are much fiercer in tone than they were a few days ago."

THE ONLY KNOWN ROCK-ENGRAVING OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN "MAMMOTH" ARCHIDISKODON: A STONE AGE PETROGLYPH.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY MR. HERBERT LANG, FORMER ASSOCIATE CURATOR OF MAMMALOGY, AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK.



THE SOUTH AFRICAN "MAMMOTH" *Archidiskodon* PLAYING WITH A RHINOCEROSE, A SCENE DEPICTED IN QUATERNARY TIMES—THE TWO FIGURES TOGETHER, 25½ INCHES IN LENGTH.



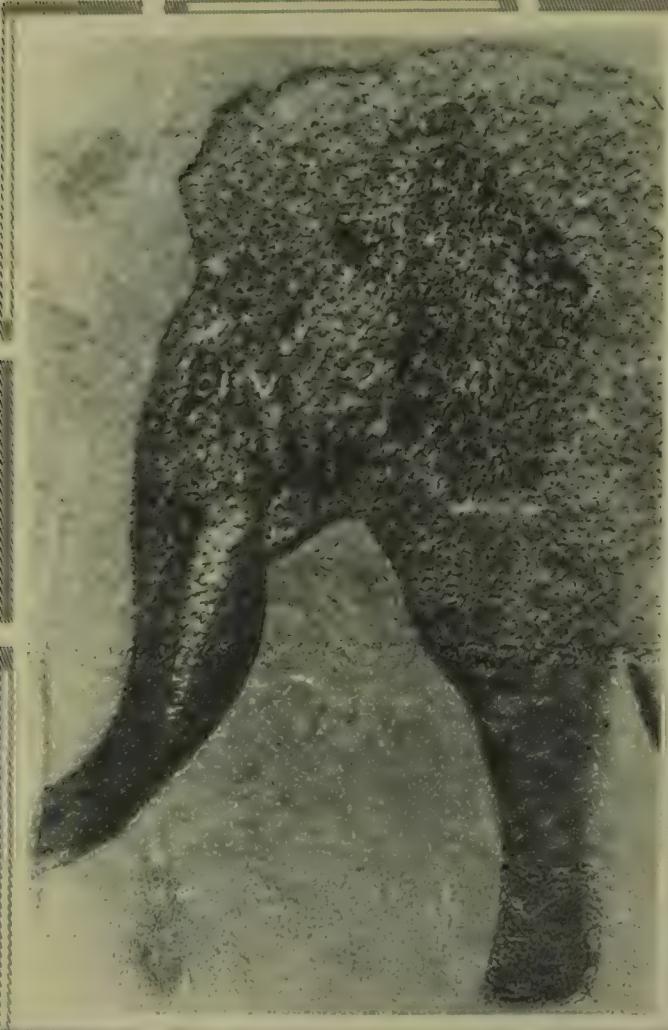
FOR COMPARISON WITH THE PETROGLYPH: AN OUTLINE ENGRAVING OF A WOOLLY MAMMOTH CARVED BY AURIGNACIAN MAN ON THE ROCKY WALLS OF A DORDOGNE CAVERN. (AFTER CAPTAIN AND BREUIL, 1901—FROM THE BULLETIN OF THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.)

Continuing our series of examples of the remarkable art of men of the South African Stone Age, we reproduce here an amazingly interesting petroglyph of the long-extinct "mammoth" *Archidiskodon* playing with a rhinoceros, a scene depicted in Quaternary times—a work that is the only known rock-engraving of *Archidiskodon*. Concerning it, Mr. Herbert Lang writes: "That these Paleolithic artists were observers upon whom one can rely we have numerous proofs positive. This petroglyph of the South African 'mammoth' *Archidiskodon*, for instance, has every sign of being a more faithful reproduction than are the vague sketches Aurignacians made in Western Europe of a near relative, the woolly mammoth (*Mammuthus primigenius*). The South African 'mammoth' shown is well characterized. The short body; the high-domed head, with what are evidently tufts of hair; the tall, pillar-like hindlimbs; the small ears; the tail, with its long pendent tassel, suggest many of the traits of its comparatively well-known northern cousin, which flourished under boreal conditions during the Quaternary period. *Archidiskodon*, which is also illustrated on another page, was evidently hairy, and this is also indicated in the other petroglyph—by chipping that suggests tufts of hair on the top of the head. Members of this group, in fact, had a distinct tendency to hairiness. Their northern relative, the woolly mammoth, was well adapted to a glacial climate. Before the discovery of this petroglyph, paleontologists could only name a few fossilized grinders—the hardest parts of the mastodons (illustrated in our issue of July 13), had survived long enough to be sculptured in a satisfactory manner by a primitive man of superior intelligence. As to the rhinoceros, it is difficult to identify this. Judging it by its relatively great length of head and the hump behind the ear, it may have belonged to the grazing types, or square-lipped rhinoceroses (*Ceratotherium*). This petroglyph is in the Transvaal Museum at Pretoria, and comes from Delarey. The two figures together are 25½ inches in length. Evidently," adds Mr. Lang, in lighter vein, "a more friendly understanding existed in ancient times between such animals than one would credit them with to-day. The 'mammoth' actually seems to push the stolid rhinoceros with its tusks."



FOR COMPARISON WITH THE PETROGLYPH REPRODUCED ABOVE: A RECONSTRUCTION OF A WOOLLY MAMMOTH (*MAMMUTHUS PRIMIGENIUS*) OF THE RIVER SOMME, FRANCE, IN LATE GLACIAL TIMES. (RESTORATION BY OSBORN AND KNIGHT—COPYRIGHTED BY THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.)

ANIMAL-PORTRAITS IN STONE AGE ART. SOUTH AFRICAN MASTODONS AND A "MAMMOTH."



A SHORT-JAWED MASTODON BELONGING TO THE BREVIROSTRINES: A BEAST WHICH MAY HAVE HAD A LITTLE HAIR ON CERTAIN PARTS OF ITS BODY, ESPECIALLY ON THE TOP OF THE HEAD AND THE EARS.

MR. LANG notes of these animal-portraits that they are of inestimable value as comparative studies, for they prove that men of high intelligence existed at the same time as these long extinct beasts; and he adds: "The last of the Mastodons were believed to have become extinct by Pleistocene times, and it was not thought that intelligent men could have encountered them, much less have drawn them." As to the particular examples given (all of which, by the way, are in the Transvaal Museum at Pretoria), Mr. Lang notes of the short-jawed mastodon belonging to the *Brevirostrines*: "Similar forms were also known from the Pleistocene of Western Europe. A slight amount of hair may have covered certain parts of this beast, especially the top of the head and the ears. The expressive [Continued below.]



A SMALL MASTODON (TRILOPHODON?) WHICH MAY BELONG TO THE LONG-JAWED TYPE OR LONGIROSTRINES: A BEAST THAT WAS APPARENTLY SMALLER THAN A BUFFALO WHEN DRAWN.



THE SOUTH
AFRICAN
"MAMMOTH"
ARCHIDISKODON
(SEE
DOUBLE-PAGE
ILLUSTRATION):
A BEAST
THAT WAS
EVIDENTLY
HAIRY, AS
IS HERE
INDICATED
BY PECCULAR
CHIPPING AT
THE TOP OF
THE HEAD.



AN ELEPHANT OF MUCH MORE RECENT DATE (LOXODONTA AFRICANA): A PETROGLYPH UPON BASALTIC ROCK, BY A SOUTH AFRICAN MAN OF THE STONE AGE; SHOWING TUSKS THAT ARE RATHER WEAK.

Continued

face, with its careful outline; the well-formed eye; the straight tusk; the short chin; and the wrinkles about the lower jaw, mark the work as showing a carefully observed subject. Unfortunately, the tip of the trunk has been splintered off." In the case of the small mastodon (*Trilophodon*?), he remarks that the narrow head, the long neck, lower jaw, and the small tusks are typical,

and that the small ears differentiate it from the others figured. The beast, when drawn, had probably not attained the size of a large buffalo." *Archidiskodon* is dealt with on our double-page. *Loxodonta Africana* shows widely expanding, triangular, pointed ears, a heavy profile, a trunk outline, a heavy lower jaw, and the rather weak tusks that were characteristic of this race.

BY STONE AGE ARTISTS: A HARE, AN OSTRICH, AND A PELICAN.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MR. HERBERT LANG, FORMER ASSOCIATE CURATOR OF MAMMALOGY, AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK

MR. HERBERT LANG writes: "A delightful phase of Transvaal Stone Age lithic art is represented by petroglyphs of animals that were evidently regarded as of secondary importance, and, as a consequence, are less elaborately depicted than are the big-game. The rapid execution of these particular rock-engravings is obvious. No longer did the artists rely upon the blue core of the stone. They left the natural, reddish surface of the rock within the image apparently undisturbed. The dull-russet, slightly granulated patina of the stone only needs scratching with a hard object for a pale-yellowish tint to become prominent. Thus, it is evident how the artists economised labour. The petroglyphs of the pelican and the hare, especially, show how few blows were necessary."



A HARE THAT IS STILL MUCH IN EVIDENCE BETWEEN THE ROCKS OF SOUTH AFRICAN KOPJES DRAWN BY AN ARTIST OF THE STONE AGE: AN EXAMPLE OF A COMPARATIVELY SIMPLE FORM OF PREHISTORIC MAN'S ART—FROM SNOUT TO TIP OF TAIL, 10½ INCHES.



A BIRD THAT WAS COMMON IN THE WESTERN TRANSVAAL WHEN THE STONE AGE ARTISTS WERE AT WORK: AN OSTRICH PETROGLYPHED—FROM HEAD TO TOES, 9 INCHES.

Describing these three particular petroglyphs, Mr. Lang says: "Such hares as that shown, belonging to the genus *Pronolagus*, are still common between the rocks of the South African kopjes, the sanctuaries of the Stone Age artists." In connection with that of the ostrich, he points out that these birds were evidently numerous in the Western Transvaal in the ancient times with which we are concerned, as representations of several more of them are known. In the image shown only the general outlines, the head, neck, limbs, and thighs are sculptured. The body looks as though the natural patina of the rock had not been disturbed, but it is likely that originally there were scratches to bring out the more conspicuous pale-



HOLDING IN ITS BEAK QUARRY THAT PROVIDES A PUZZLE: A PORTLY PELICAN, BY AN ARTIST OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN STONE AGE—FROM TOP OF HEAD TO END OF TOE, 9 INCHES.

yellow tints. The fact that the very short outer toe is depicted as nearly as long as the powerful inner toe indicates that little attention was devoted to the lower portions of the limbs, which were, of course, generally hidden from the artist. As to the pelican, a bird which probably visited various "pans" in the Western Transvaal in great numbers, he notes that they are now scarce in those regions; and he adds, as a special point of interest: "What this particular bird holds in its beak remains an unsolved puzzle."

Revealed by Clay Cylinders: Ur of the Chaldees.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"HISTORY AND MONUMENTS OF UR": By C. J. GADD.*

(PUBLISHED BY CHATTO AND WINDUS.)

NOW these are the generations of Terah: Terah begat Abram, Nahor, and Haran; and Haran begat Lot. And Haran died before his father Terah in the land of his nativity, in Ur of the Chaldees. . . . And Terah took Abram his son, and Lot the son of Haran his son's son, and Sarai his daughter in law, his son Abram's wife; . . . they went forth with them from Ur of the Chaldees, to go into the land of Canaan. . . ." Thus it is written in the Book of Genesis. The passage embodies all the knowledge the majority have of what was one of the most notable of the cities of early Babylonia: it is, as our author has it, "the one circumstance which has ever preserved the name of Ur and made it familiar to all." It is well, therefore, that he should be able to aver in a summing-up: "The result of all these considerations is to suggest (1) that the tradition of Abraham's birth at Ur may be fearlessly accepted; (2) that his sojourn there may have been under the reign of Rim-Sin or of Hammurabi,

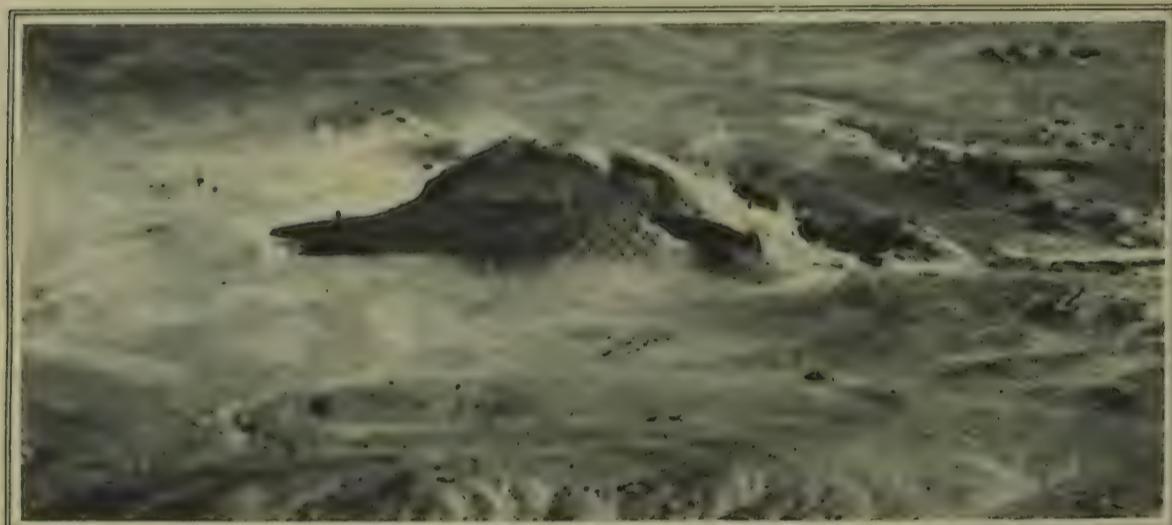
Since then the Sacred Area, the city proper, and the "suburb" and burial-centre al-'Ubaid, where was the temple of Nin-khursag, of the cows who gave the holy milk, and Quickerne of the Dead—temples of Nannar, the moon-god, and of Nin-gal, his wife, other sanctuaries and shrines, graves, houses, palace, streets, the ziggurat, the staged tower which has been said to have been to Ur what the Tower of Babel was to Babylon—so far, at all events, as fame was concerned—have ceded certain of their secrets; and there have emerged, wraithlike, in the dust tossed by the spade and strewn by the winds, kings and priests; the gods, who were the richest property-owners, complete with households; great men and humble, free-men and slaves, artists and artisans, clerks and merchants, living, fighting, labouring, as Dynasties were uplifted and thrown down, as prosperity reigned or poverty, as the yoke of its glory was set by city on the neck of city, as Houses were "smitten," and when the compilers of the

he is modest, realising only too well the limitations forced upon him by lacunæ.

"Who was King; who was not King?" certain of his readers—his lay readers—will echo, more or less loudly according to their ignorance of his subject; but even they will not cavil unduly, for they will have found much to entertain them. However little they may be concerned with the strictly historic, however little they may recognise the research and the erudition that have gone to the making of this, the latest, addition to the publishers' standard books, they will be grateful for a deal that would have gladdened the heart of Isaac Disraeli or John Timbs or any others of those inveterate collectors of *ana* and kindred matter of curious import. There are many things they will find irresistible. Witness a few—chosen casually and with full appreciation of the "snippet-mind" that will be hurled at my unbowed head!

Be it noted, then, that some of the most informative of those of Ur who left relics that those who dig might read were clerks and accountants, drawers-up of business contracts, legal and commercial papers. And with their strictly mundane documents must be placed the literary and religious works, and "a considerable school-book apparatus," which waxed in popularity during the Third Dynasty. "The religious texts," says Mr. Gadd, "are mostly hymns addressed either to gods or to deified kings, whether of the Third Dynasty, or of Isin or Larsa. . . . Myths and legends also are found. . . . The science of divination begins to acquire its books, and is already fully developed in its main directions of soothsaying from happenings in heaven or earth, from the entrails of victims and from the symptoms of sick men. Medicine, geometry, arithmetic, and grammar have their treatises, and schoolboys their copy-tablets."

Then a point as to graves of the first historical age of Ur. "The principal tombs were surrounded by a whole bevy of dead bodies, not buried there as in graves of their own, but laid in attendance upon the great one inside the builded chamber. There were soldiers to guard, wagons, oxen, and drivers to convey the offerings, women to bear company, all as if slain (or at least placed) there to go with the dead and minister to him in the next life. Certainly it is too early to say that such human sacrifice was the prerogative of royalty, since there is in fact no



THE ZIGGURAT OF UR AND THE SACRED AREA ABOUT IT AT THE END OF 1922: AN AIR VIEW OF THE FAMOUS MOUND WHICH YIELDED THE STAGED TOWER AND OTHER BUILDINGS.

probably the former, and thus about 2000-1900 B.C., though this cannot be sustained by Genesis xiv., as usually supposed; and (3) that his traditional journeying from Ur to Harran does, in fact, broadly correspond with a general northward transfer of the Habiru or Hebrew peoples from southern Babylonia where they are first mentioned in secular literature." That he should have to add "It may be worth observing that nothing in any way referable to Abraham has been found in the recent excavations" is no more surprising than his comment, "Nothing of the kind was to be expected." After all, "Abraham was not, of course, a national hero to any but the Jews."

That may be a disappointment to some; but there is most ample compensation: witness the present exhibition of "finds" from Ur at the British Museum, the previous exhibitions there, and the numerous remarkable illustrations and reconstructions we have been able to publish in this paper from time to time, thanks to the courtesy of the Joint Expedition of the British Museum and the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania under Mr. C. Leonard Woolley.

Let us turn, then, to Ur the city and to its rulers and its moon-god. Materially, it is becoming more and more real to us; the tools of the archaeologists have disclosed structure and treasure. Historically, it remains in the dimness that is between the light of the day and the depths of the darkness. The stories of its beginnings are, necessarily, lore—Tradition as the warp and Truth as the woof of a magic carpet. "Less than a hundred years ago it would have been impossible to write any history at all of the ancient oriental lands." Less than a hundred years ago, the very situation of Ur was one of the mysteries. For unnumbered decades those who journeyed in southern Mesopotamia and found themselves to the east of the Euphrates a hundred and ten miles up river from Basra, remarked a mountain of ruins called by the natives Tell al-Muqayyar, the pitchy mound, from the bitumen and bitumen-soaked reed-matting used to mortar the bricks together. "So conspicuous was this place and so clear its artificial character that it had drawn the notice of an Italian traveller in the seventeenth century, though destined to remain untouched for another two centuries. . . . It was at the corners of this building that Mr. J. E. Taylor, exploring it in 1854, had found four small clay cylinders bearing an inscription of Nabonidus, last native king of Babylon, which revealed to the astonishment of the world that this desolate spot in a forgotten land was no other than the famous city of Ur."



A VASTLY DIFFERENT PICTURE: THE ZIGGURAT OF UR (WHICH HAD AT ITS TOP A TEMPLE OF THE MOON-GOD) AND SOME OF ITS SURROUNDINGS AS PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR AT THE END OF 1926. The true nature of that mountain of ruins known to the natives as the Pitchy Mound was revealed in 1854, when Mr. J. E. Taylor found there four small cylinders bearing an inscription of Nabonidus and thus revealed to an astonished world the fact that this desolate spot in a forgotten land was the famous city of Ur. In 1919 a beginning was made with the extircation of the Tower from the steep banks of débris which enveloped it, and by 1924 the building had been excavated. It should be added, further, that the Ziggurat, as now seen, is by far the best-preserved of all those which once rose over every considerable Babylonian city. Our photographs are another example of the value of air-photographs in archaeology, and add to those we gave in our issue of June 29 last.

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King-list, perturbed by a plague of pretenders, were compelled to write: "Who was King; who was not King?"

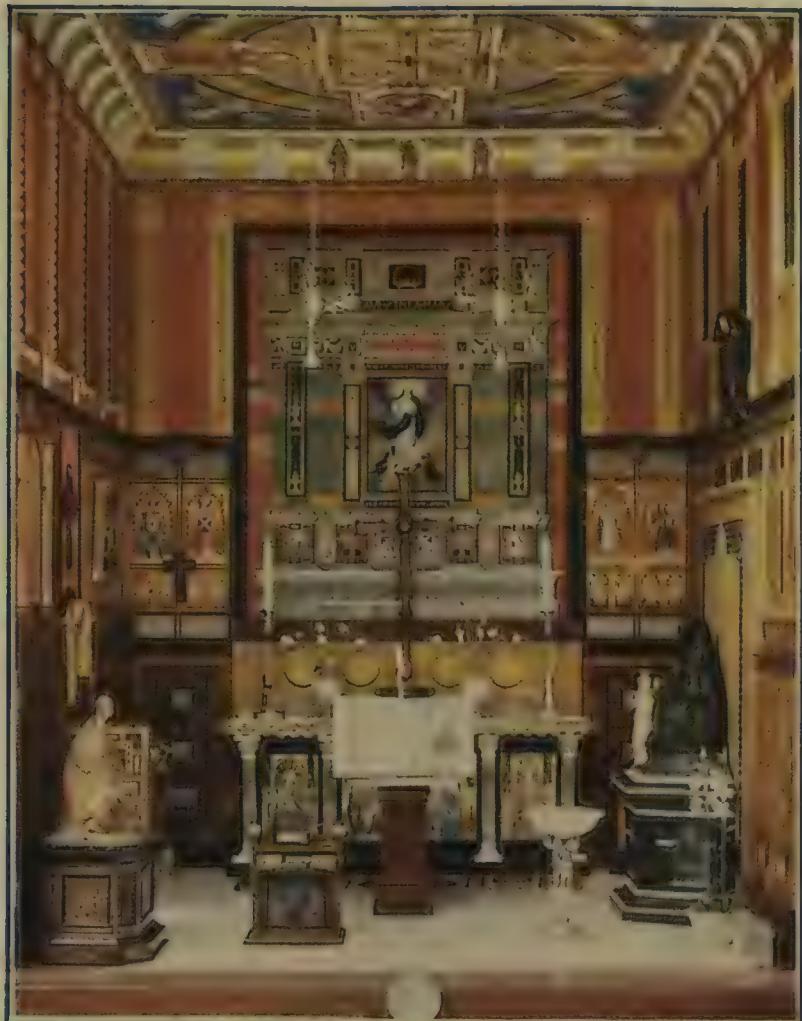
"Who was King; who was not King?" Mr. Gadd must have felt in sympathy with the confused scribes of the Dynasties of Isin and Larsa—and they lived in 2000 B.C., within view of the events, as it were—when he wrote: "If the book must be judged a failure, he (the author) will presume to ignore the most obvious explanation, and seek a flattering excuse in the poverty and nature of his material, the austerity of facts vouchsafed, the multitude of those denied, the want of detail, and personal colour; *ornari res ipsa negat contenta doceri*. In short, he will conclude that ancient history must know her place, and must not yet, without their gifts, seek to vie with her younger sisters." In brief, he is frank and

proof that the occupants of the tombs were kings and queens."

Then there are the tales of men mumming as fish, scorpions, lions, bulls, and so forth, to drive away fiends by opposing to them "beneficent monsters of an animal and fabulous kind"; of Rimush, son of Sargon, who, it is said, was killed by the "sons of the palace" with their seals, but probably bled under the stabbing of the formidable copper pins that held those seals to the clothing; of the tradesman who was keen enough to send in a bill for beer supplied both to the deposed Silli-Adad and the alien invader Kudur-Mabug; of the "faithless brother" who cast himself amid the flames of his palace and so came to a dramatic end which legend gave to "Sardanapallus"; and of Nebuchadrezzar, who did not neglect Ur when he restored the cities

[Continued on page d.]

Titania's Palace: A Museum-in-Little of Italian Art.



TITANIA'S CHAPEL—ITS SIZE SHOWN BY A HALF-CROWN
IN THE CENTRE FOREGROUND.



WITH A LITTLE CANNON MADE IN 1580: THE HALL
OF THE GUILDS.



THE HALL OF THE FAIRY KISS: A BEAUTY OF TITANIA'S PALACE, WHICH IS A MUSEUM-IN-LITTLE OF ITALIAN ART ON A SCALE OF ONE INCH
TO THE FOOT—THE SIZE AGAIN SHOWN BY A HALF-CROWN ON THE LEFT.

As we remarked in our issue of June 8, when giving certain photographs in photogravure, Sir Nevile Wilkinson's world-famous Titania's Palace, which is a Museum-in-little of Italian Art, built, decorated, and furnished on a scale of one inch to the foot, was recently brought back to London, after a three years' tour in the United States, that it might be exhibited during June and July in aid of the Middlesex Hospital. 'With the Queen's Dolls' House, it is the world's most famous little dolls' house. It was opened by Queen Mary in 1922, and when we last made mention of it, it had already made over £30,000 for charities. This

autumn it will go on tour to such places as Salisbury, Bath, and Bristol, and, possibly, Plymouth. In the chapel are included a seventeenth-century French bronze group, seen on the right of our illustration, and a Holy Family, in box wood, from South Germany (on left). The reredos, made by Sir Nevile Wilkinson, took four years. The Cross is a copy of the Irish tenth-century Cross of Cong. The ceiling design is based on the Book of Kells. The Hall of the Guilds is the ante-room to the Throne-Room, and in its decoration are shields of the ancient Florentine Guilds of Handicraft.

Jack had
very good taste~



when he gave Joan
a box of
Rowntree's YORK Chocolates

Rowntree's famous York Chocolates; in 1-lb. boxes, 4/-; and in cartons $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. 2/-; $\frac{1}{4}$ -lb. 1/-.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

SUPPOSING I were to devise a cross-word puzzle (a thing I have been known to do before now) and gave as a clue to a name the phrase, "King Arthur loved her," or "Lancelot loved her," there would not be much difficulty in spotting Guinevere. But if I were to say, "Don Juan loved her," or "Byron loved her," the answer might involve considerable research. Similarly, I doubt whether many readers could guess aright the name implied in the title of "*CASANOVA LOVED HER.*" By Bruno Brunelli. With a Preface by Arthur Machen. (Peter Davies; 12s. 6d.) The original Italian work was called "*'Un' Amica del Casanova,*" and the translation, which reads excellently, is by Alexander McKechnie.

Casanova's name is "a sure draw," for he was one of those people that provoke eternal curiosity, and this well-chosen title is much more beguiling, therefore, than one which might have more precisely suggested the contents of the work, such as "*The Life and Loves of Giustiniana Wynne,*" or "*The Past of Countess von Rosenberg.*" Casanova did indeed love the lady, in his fashion, and he played an intimate and (to her) a vitally important part in one phase of her affairs, but he was not the object of her *grande passion*.

This frank and entertaining book, a biography with all the allurement of a novel, is based, in part, on a too thinly veiled episode in Casanova's own memoirs, as well as on authentic letters and other contemporary sources. It chronicles the chequered career of an Anglo-Venetian girl who lived down her youthful indiscretions, and ended as a Countess of the Holy Roman Empire, noted for her *salon* and literary friendships, and herself author of various works, including "*Pièces Morales et Sentimentales*" (published in 1785). Count Brunelli has compiled a record, startlingly candid in parts, of social gaieties and intrigue in Venice, Padua, Milan, Paris, Brussels, and London, at first during the Seven Years War, and later when the first mutterings of revolution were becoming audible in France.

For Giustiniana Wynne, Casanova was an incidental admirer who became a friend in need (his help consorting with his own delectation); while for him she was merely "an adventure." The dominant passion of her life was bestowed on a young patrician of Venice, Andrea Memmo, who afterwards rose to high office in the Venetian Republic and became its Ambassador in Constantinople, Rome, and London. He married someone else. The strangest part of the story is that Giustiniana never told him about their child, born in a convent near Paris, where a sympathetic Abbess (through the good offices of Casanova's aristocratic acquaintances) shielded her from discovery. Her entire lack of maternal feeling, in allowing her baby son to disappear into the unknown, is a repellent trait in her character.

The charm of a biography, however, does not always depend on the virtues of the subject, but rather, as here, on the skill of portrayal and the crowded background of the picture. "She could not, of course (writes Count Brunelli), have foreseen Casanova's indiscreet memoirs . . . which provide the most perfect picture we possess of life in the eighteenth century. . . . Hence, while Giustiniana, turned Countess and a 'Blue Stocking' of note, thought that her youth had been well and truly forgotten in the mists of the past, the curious have been able to trace, through the discreet pages of her own essays, the mysterious lady of Casanova's initials (X. C. V.) and the amorous adventures and follies of her youth. . . . Her letters, which I have discovered . . . are the letters of a *grande amoureuse*."

Giustiniana's correspondence, however, is not wholly concerned with affairs of the heart, and some of the most interesting letters, for English readers, at any rate, are those written during visits to this country. As the widow of an English Baronet, her mother, Lady Wynne, moved in good society (though she failed to obtain presentation at Court), and was well enough known to provoke the satiric pen of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. We get, in passing, many side-lights on English life of the period. Giustiniana, for instance, attended, at the House of Lords, the trial of Earl Ferrers, who was hanged (with a silk rope, she notes) for murdering his steward. At the Duchess of Northumberland's she saw the Cornaro Titian (recently acquired for the National Gallery). Among her wooers in London was Lord Thomas Robinson (afterwards the second Lord Grantham), and in Venice she had thoughts of marrying the English Consul, William Smith, through whom came to Windsor the famous Canaletto pictures now in the Royal Collection. Giustiniana's life-story is, in fact, much more than a pendant to the *chronique scandaleuse* of Casanova. It is, in itself, a notable addition

to the social annals of the time, both here and on the Continent.

Count Philippo Orsini Rosenberg (Giustiniana's husband) was Maria Teresa's Ambassador at Venice, and the Countess dedicated one of her books ("*Les Mamelles*") to another Empress, Catherine the Great of Russia. Thus her life makes contact at two points with the biographical studies contained in "*TWELVE GREAT LADIES.*" By Sidney Dark (Hodder and Stoughton; 12s. 6d.), a companion volume—numerically at least—to the same author's "*Twelve Bad Men.*"

Three others of the feminine dozen belong to the period immediately following, namely, Marie Antoinette (Maria Theresa's daughter), Josephine de Beauharnais, and Caroline of Brunswick. The first seven on the list are Catherine de' Medici, Mary of England, Mary Queen of Scots, Henrietta Maria, Louise de la Vallière, Queen Christina of Sweden, and Sophia, Electress of Hanover. "The reason why I have not included Queen Elizabeth (says the author) is because I have already written all I can of this greatest of all great ladies." Mr. Dark's lucid

been shamefully treated

for years, the most impressionable years of his adolescence

His incredible ambition could come only from his sense of impotence. His extraordinary mastery was the manifestation of a haunting fear of failure. Modern psychology has given us the key to the character of Louis. . . . We shall see—and it is amazing that nobody has ever pointed out such an obvious truth—that Louis secretly suffered all his life from his juvenile inferiority."

It was only the great king's womenfolk who, with feminine intuition, "discovered the oppressed boy under the mask of the resplendent monarch, and tyrannised over the despot . . . often their influence was disastrous." But there was one woman apparently, who did not credit her sex with much political wisdom. "'Ma Tante,' asked the gay Duchesse de Bourgogne, 'why do the queens in England govern better than the men?' — and Mme. de Maintenon remaining silent, she answered: 'Because under kings the woman rules, and under queens the man.'"

There might be some truth in this *mot* as applied to sophisticated Europe of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, but it would scarcely hold good of an Oriental realm, whether under native or European rule. Take, for example, that East Indian island which, in 1841, became subject to "the first white Rajah in history," as described (incidentally) in "*RELATIONS AND COMPLICATIONS.*" Being the Recollections of H.H. the Dayang Muda of Sarawak. With a Foreword by the Rt. Hon. T. P. O'Connor, P.C., M.P., and thirty-eight Illustrations from Photographs. (Lane: 15s.) The Dayang Muda, it should be explained, is the wife of the Tuan Muda (Bertram Brooke) brother and heir of the present Rajah of Sarawak. Her maiden name was Gladys Palmer.

Describing her visit to the island with her husband, during the reign of his father, Charles Brooke, the second white ruler, she says: "The Rajah, with his Malay chiefs about him, stood there to bid us welcome. He walked under the yellow umbrella, the emblem of royalty. No woman, no matter what her rank, has ever been permitted to walk under the yellow umbrella."

Although Sarawak is, perhaps, the name that will most attract readers to the Dayang Muda's book, it is, in fact, far more concerned with those "relations and complications" (including conjugal troubles) placed in the forefront of the title. The main interest is in her friendships and her early memories, and these, between them, introduce many celebrities, including (to mention but a few) Ruskin, George Meredith, Oscar Wilde, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Ellen Terry, Kubelik, and Isadora Duncan. There is a memorable glimpse, too, of Wilbur Wright, with whom the author struck up an acquaintance on board ship during a voyage from Egypt to England. "Whenever any sea birds flew over the boat . . . he would gaze up at them, intently studying their harmonious flight and natural balance." It is enough to add that "T.P." that master of reminiscences, declares: "The reading of this chapter of autobiography is to me like turning back many interesting pages of my own life and of some of the most interesting personalities I have ever met."

Theatrical matters bulk largely in the Dayang Muda's book, and the name of Ellen Terry, in particular, forms a link with a delightful volume of reminiscences by a famous living actress, who has amusing anecdotes to tell of her, and of a host of other stage colleagues. I refer to "*HARLEQUINADE.*" The Story of My Life. By Constance Collier. With a Preface by Noel Coward, and twenty Illustrations. (Lane: 15s.) Seldom have I come across a more appealing autobiography—so full of "heart" and sincerity, and boundless enthusiasm for the profession. I wish I had more room to do it justice.

Lack of space must also be my excuse for mentioning very briefly another entertaining self-story—this time that of a popular American comedian—"My LIFE IS IN YOUR HANDS." By Eddie Cantor. As Told to David Freedman. Fully Illustrated. (Harper; 12s. 6d.) Across the stage of the author's memory pass diverse figures, among them the Prince of Wales, President Wilson, and Jack Dempsey. But the real savour of the book is in the chronicle of his own career, told in characteristically humorous style. "And now that you have heard the story of my life (he concludes) let me add the final word—it has just begun." Contrariwise, just as I was beginning my review, it has come to an end!

C. E. B.



PRESENTED TO THE TATE GALLERY: THOMAS HARDY—A PORTRAIT
BY REGINALD G. EVES, R.O.I.

This fine portrait of Mr. Thomas Hardy, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy last year and won great praise, has been presented to the Tate Gallery by Mr. Francis Howard, Chairman of the National Portrait Society, whose presentations to the same gallery—under the auspices of the National Loan Exhibitions Committee—include works by Orpen, Philpot, Shannon, Ricketts, W. W. Russell, Oliver Hall, Peppercorn, Connard, Lavery, Strang, Flora Lion, and McEvoy. Mr. Howard is himself a well-known writer and artist, and has exhibited in the chief European and American galleries. He is represented in the Walker Art Gallery.

and agreeable style carries the reader along, attracted alike by the charm of his pen-portraiture and the shrewdness of his comments on the political influences among which his characters move.

It is interesting to compare Mr. Dark's chapter on Louise de la Vallière, "the sweetest, the kindest, and the saddest of all the mistresses of kings," with that on the same subject in "*Louis XIV.: IN LOVE AND WAR.*" By Sisley Huddleston. Illustrated (Cape; 18s.). "Louise (we read here) is unique among royal mistresses in that she convinces us of her entire disinterestedness, her entire devotion." But she was only an incident in the seventy-two years' reign of the "Sun King," and in this book we have a survey of his whole life, with a new and striking interpretation of his personality. The author of "*France and the French,*" steeped as he is in the history and traditions of the land where he has long made his home, was thoroughly qualified to undertake such a task, and right well has he accomplished it.

In Mr. Huddleston's view, the splendours of the Grand Monarque were the paradoxical result of an "inferiority complex." "Louis XIV," he writes, "would never have been such a great king (and the history of Europe would have been inconceivably different) had not the boy . . .



CHARACTERISTIC COUNTRY SUITS OF TO-DAY: LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS-HAMILTON AND MISS PAMELA BOWES-LYON, IN THE NEATEST OF SPORTS ATTIRE. Lady Margaret Douglas-Hamilton, younger daughter of the Duke of Hamilton, has just become engaged to Mr. James Richardson Drummond-Hay, of Seggieden. She is pictured above in a neat woollen jumper suit, worn with a striped belt, and with an elaborately striped silk scarf. Miss Pamela Bowes-Lyon has a pleated skirt and a plain double-breasted jacket carried out in a checked tweed.

The Royal Garden Party at Buckingham Palace officially marks the close of the London Season, and all the week everyone was hoping the burst of tropical weather would continue long enough to last over the 25th, so that those who were honoured by invitations might enjoy walking about the fine gardens of Buckingham Palace in brilliant sunshine.

The informal atmosphere of the Royal Garden Parties makes them specially enjoyable functions, and though this year's gathering could not be said to be quite itself, owing to the absence of his Majesty, it was expected that the Prince of Wales, as well as the Queen, and the Duke and Duchess of York, would be present, and that they would, as usual, tour the grounds and chat informally with personal friends or people who had the honour specially to be presented.

The grounds of Buckingham Palace are very well laid out, and contain ornamental water, as well as hard lawn-tennis courts, and guests who are invited for the first time always express surprise at the extent of the lawns and borders, and at the stately and beautiful garden façade of his Majesty's London residence.

Hot Weather Amenities of Ladies' Clubs.

It is a common masculine jibe that women do not understand "club" comfort, but I feel that the stronger sex must be wrong—for once at least. During the tropical days of last week in London I found more coolness and space at the ladies' clubs I happened to visit than anywhere else. One very warm day I lunched at the Ladies' Army and Navy, which has its premises in the former Spencer House, overlooking the Green Park. Lunch could be enjoyed on the balcony, and the garden was dotted with large umbrellas set over tables, so that members could indulge in a shady outdoor tea. The garden adjoins the Green Park, and is near enough to the band-stand for the strains of the music to be wafted across, so one could also participate in a free entertainment.

The International Sportsmen's is another club where hot weather comfort is provided, for this new mixed club owns a magnificent swimming-bath with a lounge adjoining, where several well-known people gave small parties during the hot weather. The walls are adorned with frescoes of Moroccan landscapes, and



A SPOTTED SILK COAT AND SKIRT WORN WITH A SILK JUMPER: MRS. J. ST. V. FOX.

The silk or crêpe-de-Chine coat and skirt is a delightful form of attire for hot weather. Mrs. J. St. V. Fox is pictured above in a neat tailor-made, carried out in a spotted silk, and worn with a wide-brimmed straw hat.

composer was severely tested for "nerves" at the rehearsal, as hardly had he begun his Concerto when he was forced to stop owing to the absence of the trombones. In spite of having to wait for some minutes while the missing instrumentalists were

THE WAY OF THE WORLD THROUGH WOMEN'S EYES.

By "MILLAMANT."

NOTABLE WOMEN IN NOTABLE FROCKS.

the painting is so representational that I saw one swimmer put her hand up to the decorated wall, obviously wondering why a brick should be missing in a new building. She looked quite surprised when she found that it was only the artist's desire to produce a romantic "old" rampart that had misled her.

Swimming-baths are rare in London, and I think that the only private house which boasts one is Lady Leeds' mansion in Cadogan Square. This has a small and beautifully decorated bath, done up in Grecian style, and most cleverly lit from above. Feminine swimmers, however, who profess Conservative principles will soon be able to dip and dive to their hearts' content, for the Ladies Carlton Club is moving into new premises this autumn, and will have a large swimming-pool as well as several squash-racquet courts for the delight of its many members.

Two Hearings for a Musical Novelty.

"Smart society" is always said to be unmusical, and to be lamentably lacking

in appreciation of the arts; but leading hostesses, social celebrities, and political personages have always taken an active interest in the Russian Ballet. The Diaghileff production of "Le Renard," the new Lifar ballet to Stravinsky music, is one of the important artistic events of the year, and the premier performance drew an extremely distinguished audience to Covent Garden. Although "Le Renard" is a new ballet, the Stravinsky music is ten years old, but the programme also included a Concerto for piano by Igor Markevitch, the sixteen-year-old composer, which may be taken as representative of some of the latest tendencies in modern music. Enthusiasts were given every opportunity of enjoying these novelties, as M. Diaghileff held a "rehearsal party" in the morning at Covent Garden, and practically every well-known supporter of the ballet attended the gathering, and thus listened to Stravinsky's delightfully exciting music, with vocal interpolations by four male voices used as orchestral instruments, and curious cymbalum effects, twice in one day.

One is always slightly prejudiced against "infant prodigies," but M. Igor Markevitch's work deserves serious consideration in spite of his lack of years. The second movement of his Concerto is definitely successful and was loudly applauded. The young

rounded up, he retained his sangfroid with commendable success.

Lady Oxford and Asquith, Princess Bibesco, Mr. Constant Lambert (the composer), Mrs. Emil Mond, Lady Cynthia Mosley (the Labour Member of Parliament), Mrs. Keynes (the former *prima ballerina*, Lydia Lopokova), and Miss Edith Sitwell, the poet, with her poet brothers, Mr. Osbert and Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell, were among the audience who listened to these musical novelties, and the little boy—the son, no doubt, of a member of the ballet—who stood in one of the pit-tier boxes, beating time to the music, added a picture of enthusiastic youth which introduced a touch of the *intime* to the stately setting at Covent Garden.

The Second Infant Prodigy of the Week.

Last week saw public attention drawn to the work of two juveniles, for, while Igor Markevitch was playing his Concerto at Covent Garden, Miss Pamela Somerville held her second exhibition of pictures at the Claridge Gallery. This small, elfish-looking child of eleven had a show last year, and it may be remembered that Mr. Augustus John opened the exhibition, and expressed interest in her work.

This year Lady Lavery was the opener, and everyone who visited the gallery



THE CHARM OF LACE AND CHIFFON FOR SUMMER DAYS: THE MISSES THROCKMORTON AT THEIR BROTHER'S COMING-OF-AGE CELEBRATIONS.

The Misses Throckmorton are the sisters of Sir Robert Throckmorton, who recently celebrated his majority. On the occasion of the garden party held at his Devonshire seat one of them wore a charming lace dress with a two-tiered skirt and a coat to match, and the other had a printed chiffon, with a velvet ribbon to mark the natural waistline, and short sleeves.

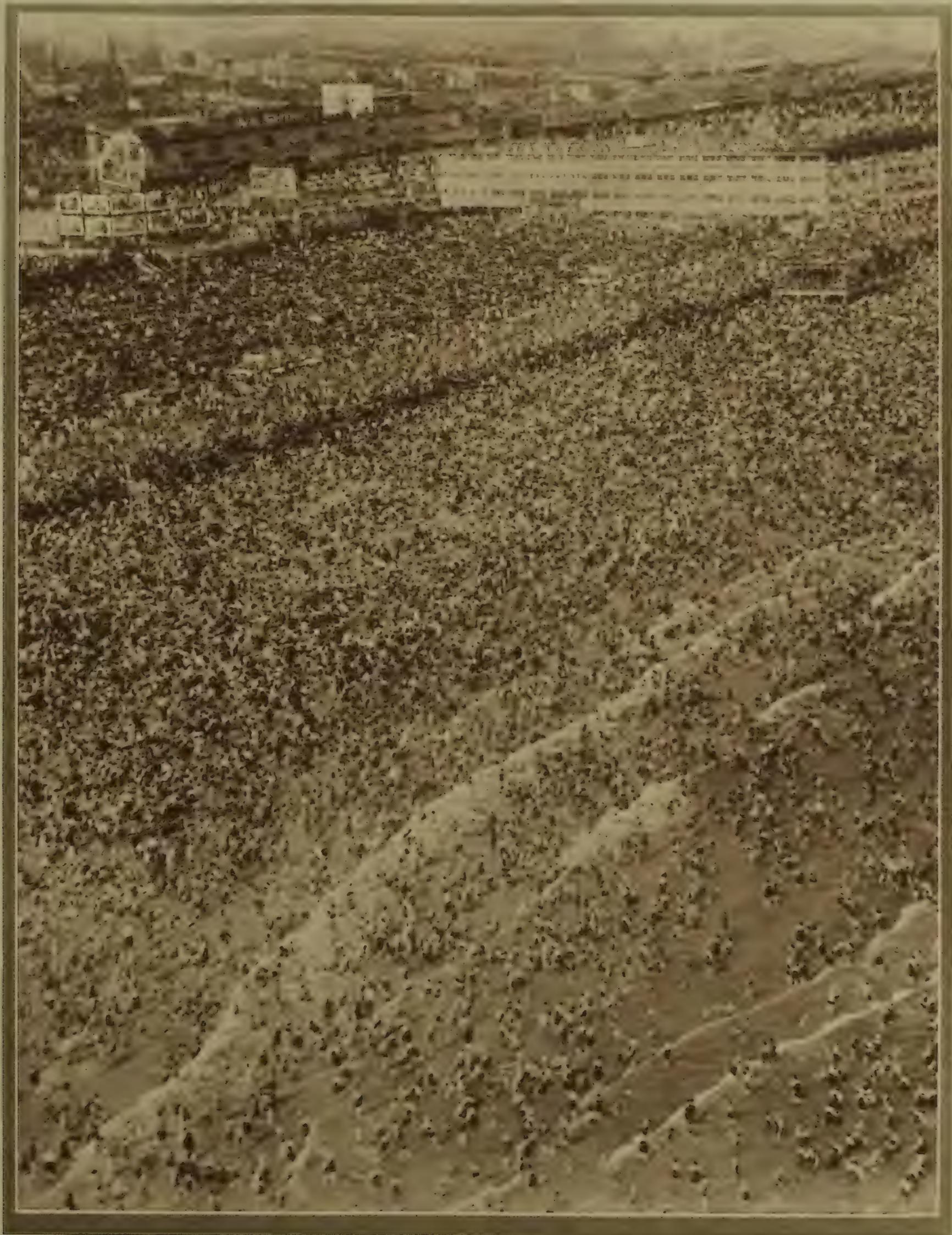
expressed surprise at the quality and technique of this small child's pictures. They are all landscapes, and show a real love and understanding of the countryside, for the little artist obviously studies Nature's varying moods and sets herself to try and put them down with sincerity. Ashford, where Peggy Somerville lives, is a favourite haunt of the gypsies, and the gay caravans of the Romany folk, and their livestock and camping grounds, have provided the eleven-year-old artist with some of her most successful subjects. Her dexterity is remarkable, and the "grown-up" quality of her technique contrasts oddly with her small stature and childishness.



TWO DIFFERENT DESIGNS OF PRINTED CHIFFON ALLIED TO MAKE ONE FROCK: VISCOUNTESS MASSEREENE AND FERRARD IN A SUCCESSFUL MODEL.

The idea of using two different designs of printed chiffon in one frock has been successfully carried out this year. Viscountess Massereene and Ferrard is shown above in a dress with a skirt and coat of chiffon adorned with one design, and a bodice of a slightly different material.

A VERY CROWDED HOUR OF GLORIOUS LIFE: PLEASURE EN MASSE.



"STANDING-ROOM ONLY": AN EXTRAORDINARY "SWARMING" ON CONEY ISLAND, THE FAMOUS RESORT OF GREATER NEW YORK.

It is to be feared that an encyclopædist of not so very long ago was using "fashionable" where he meant "popular" when he wrote of Coney Island: "Sandbar, S.W. corner of Long Island, U.S.A., at entrance to New York Harbour and now forming part of Greater New York. Its fine stretch of sandy beach . . . is a fashionable summer resort." Such a supposition is well supported by the photograph here reproduced, for if crowding is a sign of popularity, and unques-

tionably it is, here is popularity indeed! No wonder the photographer who took the snapshot calls it "Standing-Room Only." For the rest, it should be added that, in reality, Coney Island includes Manhattan Beach, Brighton Beach, and West Brighton Beach, five miles from east to west. Strictly, the term "Coney Island" is applied particularly to West Brighton Beach, which is a place of innumerable cheap amusements and many and ingenious side-shows.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS : SOME GERMAN GLASS.

By FRANK DAVIS.



If, during the eighteenth century, as was pointed out last week, England became an exporter of glass rather than an importer, the change was due more to the quality of the metal itself than to any particular excellence of design or decoration. For three hundred years previously and more, Venice was the artistic centre of the glass-making industry, and the difficulty that besets the historian is not to prove this statement, but to decide just where Venetian influence ended and native originality began in every European country. During the sixteenth century each capital gave hospitality to some Venetian—London to Giacomo Verzelini, who is anglicised by Stowe in his "Chronicles" as Jacob Vessaline (four glasses by him are in existence to-day)—and most princelings of the period considered it their privilege to patronise a glass factory, just as during the eighteenth century they patronised a porcelain works. It must be remembered that glass was no new thing in Europe, but had been manufactured continuously since Roman times.

Stained-glass windows are one of the chief glories of the Middle Ages. The statement is trite, but, I hope, justifiable, because in the ordinary way one forgets the distant relationship between the windows of Chartres Cathedral or York Minster and the tumblers that grace our tables to-day. But, whereas the best sort of window and the best sort of tumbler have a fine simplicity about them which depends more upon form than upon a craftsman's tricks, there is a very great enthusiasm, particularly on the Continent, for fine yet rather pretentious pieces in which elaborate engraving is inclined to detract from an otherwise beautiful shape. However, matters of taste defy both definition and argument.

Here are examples of German glass from a recent important sale in Vienna. Let me commence (Fig. 1) with what is, from the aesthetic point of view, the most painful, but both subject and technique are of interest. The design is that of the coats-of-arms of various provinces and towns, and the inscription is "The Holy Roman Empire and its members 1652." The coats-of-arms are arranged upon the two wings of a double-headed eagle, and in front of the eagle's breast is the Imperial Orb surmounted by a cross.



I. A GERMAN GLASS OF THE YEAR 1652; WITH A WOODEN COVER AND WITH A "DEPLORABLE LITTLE MAN" FORMING THE BASE: A PIECE SHOWING THE COATS OF ARMS OF VARIOUS PROVINCES AND TOWNS, AND HAVING AN INSCRIPTION WHICH, TRANSLATED, READS: "THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE AND ITS MEMBERS 1652."

At auction, this fetched £80.

This is a favourite decorative motif of the seventeenth century; a rather earlier type shows the Emperor and the seven Electors with their respective escutcheons. So much for the historic interest of this piece. I omit any comment upon the quite pleasing wooden cover surmounted by the usual double-headed eagle, and the deplorable little man who forms the base. The other point about this goblet is that it is a good example of enamelling in colours upon glass. The earliest dated German example of this technique belongs to the year 1553, and the method came to Germany from Venice. The Venetians, in their turn, seem to have learnt the process from the Saracens, whose fourteenth and fifteenth century work is unsurpassed.

Fig. 2, a rather clumsy dark blue goblet, is an example of engraving with the diamond point. The learned are still arguing when and where this method was first used: the earliest example known is dated 1570, and the finest work in this particular method was done in Holland in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. My own prejudice in the matter perhaps makes me rather intolerant of any attempt to adorn so beautiful a material as glass, which is not only pleasing in itself, but doubles and trebles its natural loveliness by catching and reflecting every ray of light.

At the same time, while insisting upon the importance of form in a piece, it is only just to point out the amazing skill of the engraver, whether he is using a diamond point or the wheel.



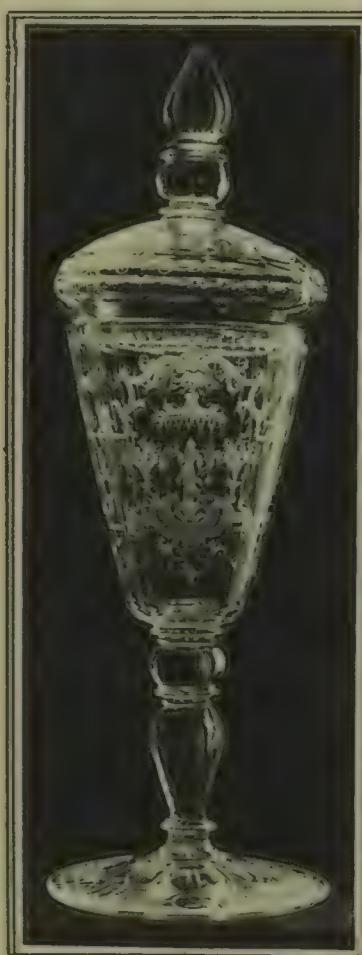
2. AN EXAMPLE OF ENGRAVING WITH A DIAMOND POINT: A DARK-BLUE GOBLET OF THE YEAR 1609.

This piece sold at auction recently for £130.



3. A FINE EXAMPLE OF WHEEL ENGRAVING, A PROCESS KNOWN TO THE ROMANS: A PIECE ILLUSTRATING THE TRIUMPH OF BACCHUS AND DATING FROM THE END OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Wheel engraving was known to the Romans, and consists of the rapid rotation of a little copper wheel moved by a treadle. It is less laborious, naturally, than making a series of scratches with a diamond, but demands no less a degree of skill. This particular example fetched £60.



4. AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE OF WHEEL ENGRAVING: A GOBLET AND COVER OF THE YEAR 1730.

At auction, this fetched £70.

In each case a single slip may mean disaster. A painter either upon canvas or pottery can make as many erasures as he wants before he reaches his final result. Not so the glass-engraver. The vessel must be finished in its entirety before it can be engraved, and no alteration whatever is possible once a mark has been made upon the surface.

This brings me to two fine examples of wheel engraving (Figs. 3 and 4). This process was known to the Romans, and

consists of the rapid rotation of a little copper wheel, moved by a treadle. It is less laborious, naturally, than making a series of scratches with a diamond, but demands no less a degree of skill. How much depends upon the individual craftsman can be seen very well in these two pieces. Fig. 3 is interesting, amusing, and rare: almost every inch of surface is covered with engraving, which is coarse but vivid. It is a noble addition to any collection.

But I don't think anyone will fail to notice how much finer is the goblet in Fig. 4. Here is a most elegant form, beautifully proportioned, with the cup growing so naturally from the stem, and a very restrained use of engraving. If one is inclined to look upon the engraver as a fellow who spoilt more good shapes than he embellished, this lovely thing remains to prove that in sensitive hands the wheel could do no harm.

As these four examples have recently been sold at auction, readers may be interested to know the prices. Fig. 1, the enamelled goblet with the carved wooden cover, made £80; Fig. 2 was sold for £130; Fig. 3 for £60; and Fig. 4 for £70—which proves that aesthetic quality is not necessarily a criterion of comparative value, and that the writer's suspicion of all engravers is not shared by other people whose experience and knowledge give them every right to be arbiters of taste. Alas! It is ever so. No two collectors, much less two artists, can think alike!

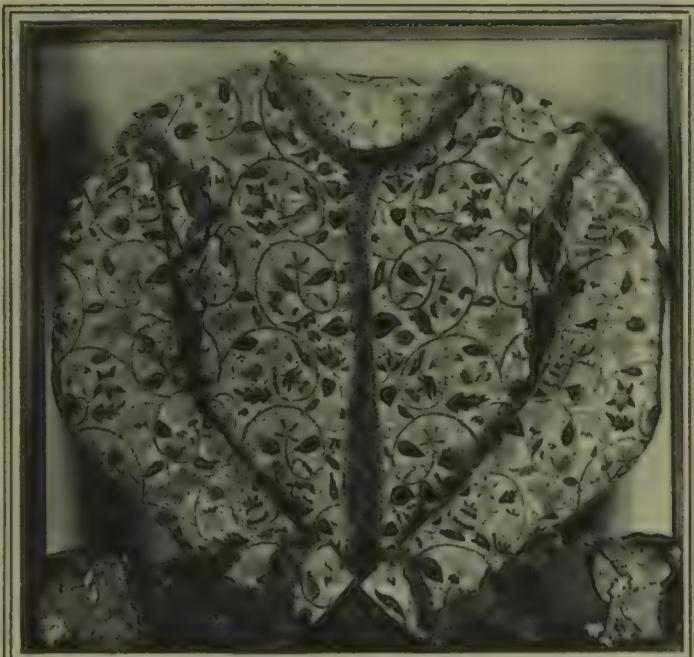
ART MATTERS: OLD MASTERPIECES AND A MODERNITY.



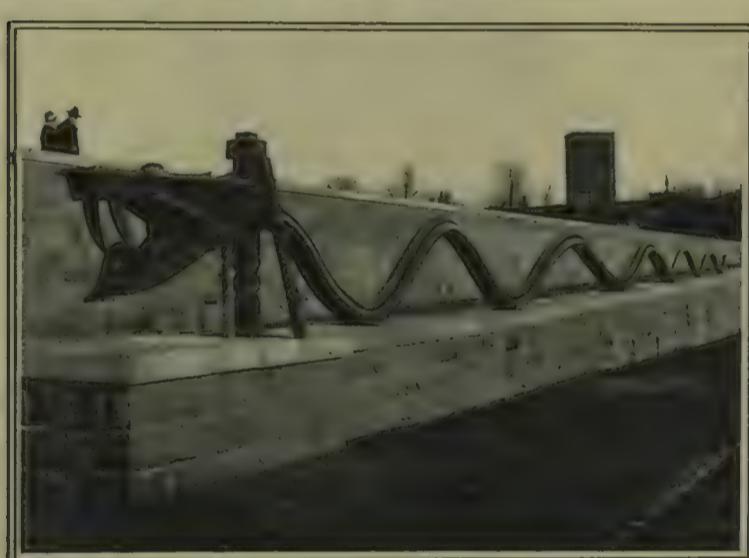
A MARC GHEERAEDTS SOLD WITH THE ACTUAL TUNIC WORN BY THE SITTER, AND A PAIR OF GLOVES, FOR FOUR THOUSAND GUINEAS: "PORTRAIT OF MRS. FRANCIS LAYTON."

A lot in a sale of pictures by Old Masters took very unusual form the other day at an auction at Messrs. Christie's, when a picture by Marc Gheeraerts, "Portrait of Mrs. Francis Layton," of Rawdon and Westminster, was sold with the tunic that lady was wearing when she sat to the artist. The picture and tunic together fetched four thousand guineas. Mrs. Layton was Margaret, daughter of Sir Hugh Brawn, Knight, of Newington Butts, Surrey, wife of Francis Layton, Esq. (1579-1662), Yeoman of the Jewel House to James I., Charles I., and Charles II. The tunic she is shown wearing is of linen embroidered with an arabesque design in coloured silks and gold and silver thread. With it at the sale was a pair of leather gloves with lace and riband cuffs.

The panel is 29½ inches by 22 inches.



SOLD WITH THE GHEERAEDTS PORTRAIT OF MRS. FRANCIS LAYTON WEARING IT: THE TUNIC OF LINEN EMBROIDERED WITH AN ARABESQUE DESIGN; AND GLOVES. (ENGLISH, EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.)



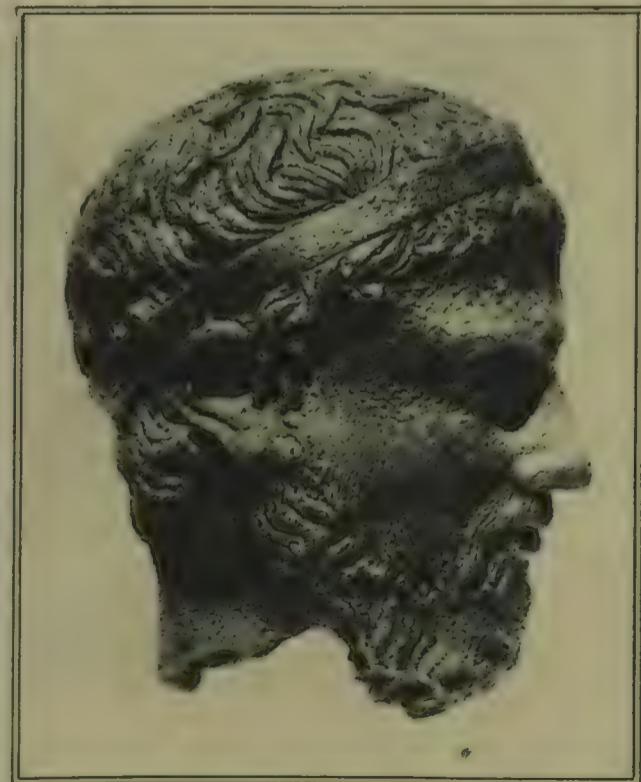
A CHAINED SERPENT OF IRON SYMBOLISING THE HOLDING-BACK OF FLOOD-WATERS: A CURIOUS MODERN MEMORIAL AT DÜSSELDORF.



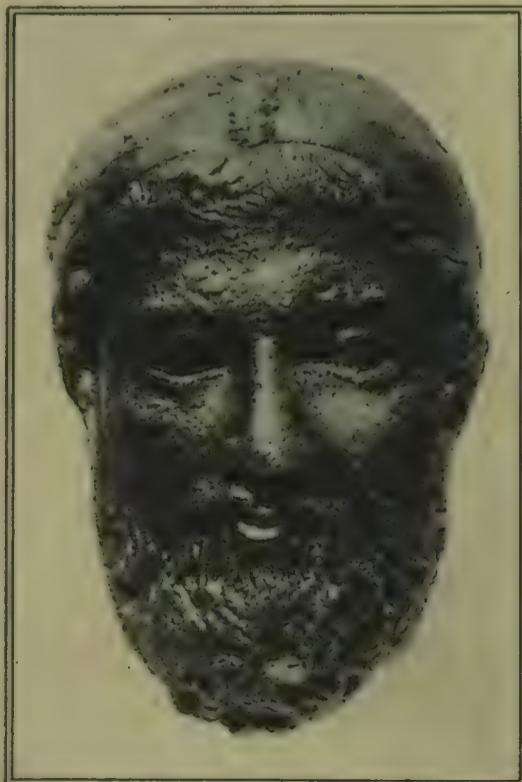
EGYPTIAN STATUETTES FOUND IN A TUMULUS AT PLOUGENVEN: SHAWABTI FIGURES THAT SUGGEST AN EGYPTIAN OR PHOENICIAN TRADING COLONY IN BRITTANY. Mr. C. E. Lart, F.R.Hist.S., who sends us these photographs of Egyptian statuettes found in a tumulus at Plougenven, Finistère, writes: "The date of the statuettes is placed by the highest authorities in England as about 500 B.C., by which time Lower Egypt had been Phoenicianised. A single Egyptian burial does not necessarily denote an Egyptian or Phoenician trading colony in Brittany, but it seems to point to one. The Venus of Quinipili, near Baud, has always been considered to be a statue of Isis."



THE CHAINED SERPENT SYMBOLISING DÜSSELDORF'S FREEDOM FROM FLOOD-WATERS: A FRONT VIEW. Many a memorial has taken curious shape, but none, perhaps, more curious than that shown in two of our photographs. The chained serpent of Düsseldorf, a blending of ancient and ultra-modern art, symbolises that town's freedom from flood—thanks to protective works holding back the waters.



BELIEVED TO BE A PORTRAIT OF KING ARKESILAS IV. OF CYRENE: A BRONZE HEAD OF THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C. THE BEST PERIOD OF GREEK ART, DISCOVERED NEAR THE TEMPLE OF APOLLO, AT CYRENE. Professor Federico Halbherr, sending us these photographs, says: "This bronze head, which is about one-third life-size, was found during the recent excavations near the Temple of Apollo at Cyrene. Professor Pernier thinks it to be a portrait of the King Arkesilas IV., who was celebrated by Pindar as a winner in the Pythian Games at Delphi. He wears round his head the Royal Band. This ornament was usual with the Hellenistic kings after Alexander, but it is seen here for the first time worn by a king of the fifth century. This, Professor Pernier believes, derives from the Persian Court dress, which influenced Egypt and, through Egypt, other parts of the world."



MODERN WOMAN AND PERFUME.

The Success of a New Perfume. Modern woman is born with the hereditary instinct of thousands of years for pleasing fragrances, and civilisation has sharpened her critical faculties. The fact that women really are good judges of per-

to fade away quickly through lack of support. Others, again, at once win a marked success. Of the latter category is the new Tosca perfume, introduced by the famous firm of "4711" repute. Already, in a few months, it is an established success on the Continent, and has now come to England, where it will doubtless become as famous as its *confrère*, "4711" Eau-de-Cologne. "4711" Tosca is a very modern perfume that is a highly concentrated essence which is a blend of freshness and sophistication. It has admirable lasting qualities, and the fragrance never palls. Bottles are obtainable from 2s. 6d. to 12s. 6d., and for presentation purposes there is a charming little square-cut bottle, gilt-capped, and contained in a neat little case, available for 12s. It is a decorative ornament to the table. For one's own constant use, the 12s. 6d. size is the most economical investment, for the bottle is made simply and solely to contain a large amount of perfume.

Face Creams and Eau-de-Cologne Powders.

will rejoice to find that there are powders and creams perfumed with "4711" Tosca. The vanishing cream will not harm the most tender skin. It costs 2s. 6d. a jar, or 1s. 6d. a tube. The powder is made in all shades at 2s. a box, and there is a most attractive little compact powder case, also illustrated on this page, costing only half-a-crown. Some women use eau-de-Cologne as their sole perfume. Others use the stronger perfumes because they last longer, although they actually prefer the eau-de-Cologne fragrance. The "4711" Tosca Eau-de-Cologne provides a simple solution to the problem. It is an eau-de-Cologne slightly perfumed with Tosca, which means a more lasting fragrance, that can be used instead of perfume. It is obtainable in 2s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 8s. 6d. bottles, the 2s. 6d. size being ideal for the handbag, with its flat, pear-shaped bottle and non-leaking stopper.

The Blue-and-Gold "4711." In spite of the rivalry of "4711" Tosca, the original "4711" Eau-de-Cologne in its blue-and-gold labelled bottles will never cease to hold its own all over the world. The purity of the ingredients renders it invaluable for purifying the air of a sick-room, for banishing fatigue, and for softening the water of a

Since every well-groomed woman realises nowadays that she should be consistent in her use of face preparations and perfumes, she

bath. It is made from the pure oil of neroli, culled from the finest orange-blossom of the South. Since the year 1792 its qualities have been renowned, and the future will surely add to this enviable reputation.



As attractive to the eye as they are fragrant to the senses are these "4711" Tosca accessories for the toilet table—a bottle of the perfume, a jar of vanishing cream, and a decorative little case with compact powder. They are made by the firm who are already famous for the "4711" Eau-de-Cologne, which is known the world over for the purity of the ingredients.

At the holiday season "4711" is invaluable; simply to inhale its fragrance soothes and refreshes one on the hottest days. This, too, is obtainable in a small flat bottle which can be carried safely in the handbag, available for the modest sum of half-a-crown.

A group of preparations which will please every woman who cares for the health and beauty of her skin. They are perfumed with "4711" Tosca, a new fragrance which has already won a great success on the Continent everywhere where smart women congregate and is becoming famous here.

fume, and in some mysterious way separate the good from the indifferent, is proved by the fact that many thousands of new perfumes are born each year, only



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THE PLAYHOUSES.

MR. NOEL COWARD'S OPERETTE.
"BITTER SWEET."

MR. NOEL COWARD is still the wonder-youth of our theatre, but one who is learning humanity and gaining balance as he continues his extraordinarily successful career. Precocious author of brilliant but rather hard comedies, the prophets were inclined to predict for him a meteoric flight across our horizon; "too clever to last" was their sort of notion of his prospects; "too many irons in the fire," their forecast about his dazzling versatility. Yet here he is at His Majesty's giving us a consistently pleasing and gracious entertainment, which he styles an "operette": his own librettist, his own melodist, his own producer, and scoring in each of these capacities—doing easily off his own bat what, in less happy attempts in this kind, has required the efforts of half-a-dozen and more collaborators. Mr. Coward's story is frankly sentimental, and his sentiment has fragrance. To put it briefly, in this story we see an old lady, with dignity and charm, advising a bright young thing of to-day to trust her heart in the matter of an elopement with a jazz musician. Her own romance is unfolded before us. We watch her throwing over a rich match to share love and poverty with a music-master in Vienna. There he is killed in a café, defending her honour, and later she becomes *prima donna* and wife of a Marquess; but while her smart friends have made notable marriages, it is she, not they, who has won happiness, because she went the way love called. Strange doctrine for the author of "Easy Virtue"; but go and look at the delightful Viennese scenes in which it is worked out; go and hear such tunes as those of the "Girls of the Town" quartette; the Sullivanesque sextet of bridesmaids and the love melodies which brighten the theme; go and enjoy the amazing *brio*, comic force—and even sobs—of that pocket genius, Ivy St. Helier; and then say if this new Noel Coward does not merit a warm welcome. A little more variety would have been acceptable, perhaps, in the composer's score, as well as something more like acting from the principal vocalists, Miss Peggy Wood and Mr. George Metaxa; but these are but trifling blemishes. What wise man quarrels with freckles on a pretty face!

CHESS.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST IRVING.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, I.L.N., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

SOLUTION OF GAME PROBLEM NO. XXVI.

[r1bq3r; pppisipp; 1b6; 2krP3; 8; 6Pr; P4P1P; R2QRrK;
White to play, and mate in nine moves.]

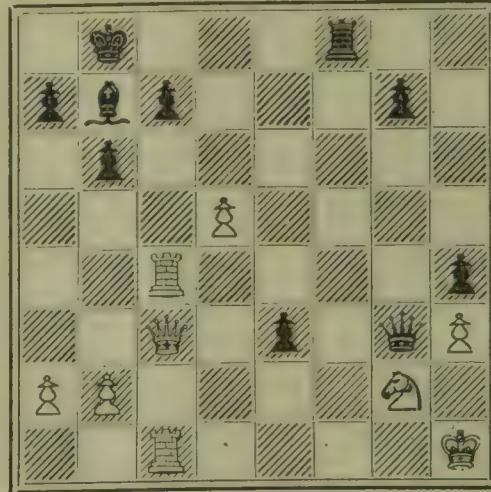
Tchigorin should have played:

1. RBsqch, KKt3; 2. QKt3ch, KR4; 3. QR3ch, KKt4; 4. RKtsqch, KB3; 5. QR4ch, KQ4; 6. QKt3ch, KQ5 (best); 7. QRQsqch, KB4; 8. RBsqch, KQ5; 9. QB4, or QQsq mate.

If Black had played 2. — KR3, then 3. RB5!, BxR; 4. QR4ch, KKt3, 5. RKtsqch, BKt4, 6. QxBch, and mates next move. In reply to several correspondents, we shall give next week the game in which the position occurred.

GAME PROBLEM NO. XXVIII.

BLACK (10 pieces).



WHITE (9 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: 1k3r2; pp3p3r; 1p6; 3P4; 2R4P; 2Q1P1qP;
PP4S1; 2R4K. Black to move.]

Another example of super-politeness. In the above game, from the Paris Tournament just concluded, Black, who had sacrificed a Rook, played RB7, and White resigned. Black had another move which won easily, but in reply to RB7 White was left with a combination which left him a piece to the good after all danger had been "exchanged off." The questions for our solvers are—

- (1) What should Black have played instead of RB7?
- (2) What should have been White's reply to RB7 instead of resignation?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GEORGE PARBURY (Singapore).—Your letter will be answered by post. We have acknowledged correct solutions from you of twenty-seven of the last thirty-four problems published. Of the remaining seven, two were incorrect, and I can find no trace of the remaining five.

F D GIBBS (Brockley).—In Problem No. 4051, after 1RQ4ch, KK4, 2QK6 is not mate by a long chalk, as Black can play either KxR or KtxQ.

DAVID HAMBLEN (Newton, Mass.).—You will see how Black escaped, as we are giving the game next week.

A EDMESTON (Llandudno).—In Game Problem No. XXV. I gave you credit for seeing the main idea, and took for granted the variation 1R×Pch, K×R, 2. RKtch, KtKt6ch, 3. R×Ktch, Q×R, 4. B×Q, and White is a piece up with an easy win.

P C THOMSON (Chapeltown).—We will examine the problem and report, but you should send the position on a diagram.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 4049 from George Parbury (Singapore), and E J Reed (New Orleans); of No. 4050 from J W Smedley (Brooklyn); of No. 4051 from P J Wood (Wakefield); of No. 4052 from L W Cafferata (Newark), H Richards (Hove), D Burrows, and P Roze (London). Of GAME PROBLEM NO. XXVII. from A G Z (New York) [100%], and J W Smedley (Brooklyn) [50%]; and of GAME PROBLEM NO. XXVII. from L W Cafferata (Newark), Frederick N Braund (Ware), H Richards (Hove), and P C Thomson (Chapeltown).

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.—(Contd. from Page 162.)

to recognise the value of this work. Not only to the student whose interest may be academic, but to the public interested in Shakespeare and his time these productions have their value. Indeed, they provide a fine foil to the Bard, for we can measure his stature among his contemporaries. How far short does Chapman fall? The tale of treachery, of suspicion and mistrust, has little interest in itself, for the villainies are too crude and the virtues are too obvious. Yet Shakespeare himself handled many a raw theme and lifted it into eternal significance. Chapman, alas! can only mouth sentiments; his characters never seize the imagination. Mr. Duncan Jarrow gave the King of France a certain quiet dignity, and Mr. Robert Speaight skilfully contrasted his study of Byron. But our compensation is in the beauty of the phrase and the poetic glow of the language. Though lacking the sonority of Marlowe's mighty line and the haunting inevitability of Shakespeare, it has richness and cadence. It was Mr. Emlyn Williams who gave to the spoken word its worth—and in such productions, even allowing for all the handicaps which a single matinée performance presents, the actors' first responsibility is to the text. Too much was inaudible, and too little had that resounding music, that bounty of splendid words, which should be delivered with voice vibrating, with ardour and exuberance. A small but vividly drawn portrait was that of the astrologer by Mr. D. Hay Petrie, who mingled humour and terror with swift effect, and Chapman's speech lost nothing while he held the stage.

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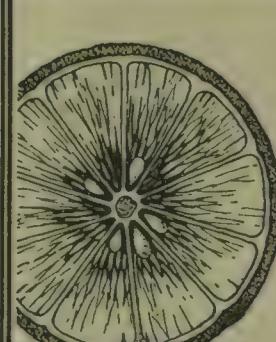


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When minstrelsy was very young
 Glees, ballads, sagas all were sung,
 But memory was the only script,
 A fickle thing o'er which bards tripped.
 At feasts too, when one had to sing
 Before the Court, the Queen and King,
 He often found, the poor old bard,
 That words and notes had flown unheard.

* * * * *

At last a minstrel, perhaps more,
 Thought it were best to have a "score,"
 Fill in as well the grace notes bright
 And pledge themselves in Black and White.

BUCHANAN'S

"BLACK & WHITE"
SCOTCH WHISKY



THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

THE LAST WORD IN ECONOMY.

FOR how little can a first-class, medium-sized, decently lively touring-car be run? This question was asked me lately in all good faith, and, as the inquirer is a man of modest, not to say very shy, means, I promised I would try to work out the sum for him. It was the more difficult as I had just been settling some outstanding accounts for petrol and oil and tyres—accounts which, I regret to say, I had forgotten existed—and, for the moment, it seemed to me that running any sort of car was not a poor man's amusement. It was only when I saw for what period I had owed the money that I recovered my composure. It was really quite reasonable.

A Wise Choice.
My friend's car is of the type which is probably

the most popular, in that it is the most desired, but it is not of the popular-cheap sort. It is a two-litre six-cylinder, with a £17 tax, and it cost nearer £600 than £500 when new. He bought it secondhand (from a friend), and he paid £300 for it. I think he has a real bargain, but we shall only know when it has done its next 10,000 miles. It has already about that much showing on its mileage-indicator. It has a saloon body of the Weymann design, but you cannot squeeze five people into it, nor, with four people, carry much luggage. I think he chose well.

Those Who Like the Best Only. When he asked that question, he really meant it. He is a man who cannot abide the second-rate in anything, and he said he would rather take a chance with a well-bred used car than with a new one costing the same money; but, whichever sort he bought, he would be able to use it very little. He would rather drive a "hand-made" car twice a week than a mass-produced one every day.

There must be many people like him, men and women with affection for and appreciation of first-class machinery, who are chary of trying their luck with the car of their liking, because of the two-fold gamble of buying a second-hand car. It may cost a great deal in running repairs, having led a stormy life in its last owner's hands, and it may be extravagant

and, whether he has to buy new ones at once or can run the existing ones for another 5000 or even 10,000 miles, the rule is always to drive with the utmost consideration for those frail and costly members. With the kind of engine he has, capable not only of a real sixty miles an hour, but also of inspiring acceleration, he must at once get into the way of starting and stopping as gently as possible.

One of the Best Investments.

An occasional burst of high speed is nothing like so damaging to

medium-pressure tyres as spectacular getting off the mark and showy emergency stops, unless you count neglect of pressure-maintenance. I hardly dare mention so elementary a matter, but the number of cars I saw lately on a 1000-mile run to Scotland and back, with tyres extravagantly slack, makes me think that the majority of owners are as careless as ever. Buy a first-rate pressure-gauge and use it on every tyre before you take the car out. It is just about the best investment you can make.

Petrol and Oil. After tyres, petrol and oil. Here, curiously enough,

the rule for long tyre-life may not always square with the rule for low consumption. Some of these modern high-speed, high-efficiency engines have an economic running speed as definite as that of a marine engine. My own, for instance, uses less petrol and oil per mile at 40 miles an hour

than at any other down to 25 or up to 50. If I want to show her off to careful people, I try to keep her at a steady 40 on the open road—which is to say, at a little over 2000 revolutions a minute. At that figure she will, on good and averagely level roads, do about 25 miles to the gallon of petrol, and 1000 miles to the gallon of oil. Anything slower at once spoils the petrol figure, and after 50 there is a noticeable difference in both oil and petrol use, and once one begins hovering round the mile-a-minute mark the bills go up swiftly—which is only to be expected.

[Continued overleaf.]

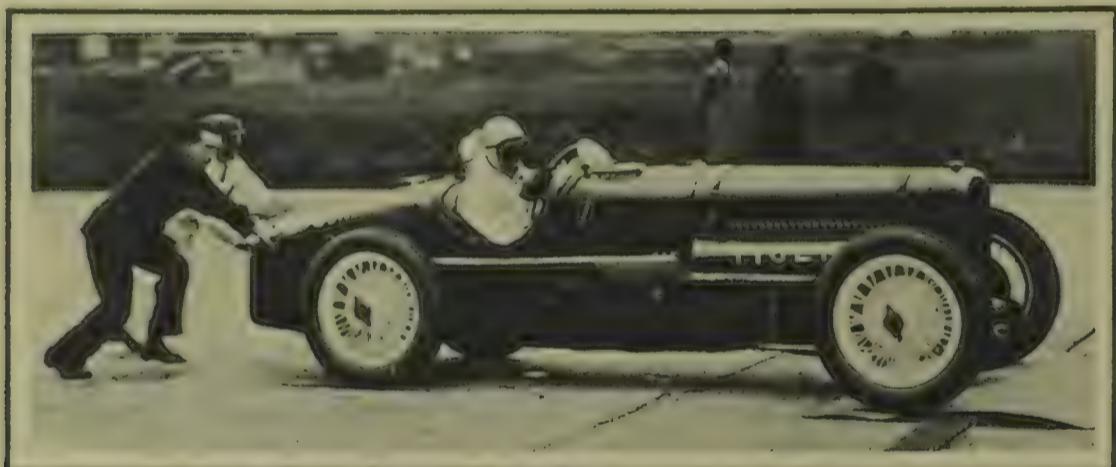


AN IDEAL OPEN-AIR HOLIDAY: AN ECCLES CARAVAN AS A TRAVELLING HOME.
Here we see an Eccles caravan in ideal holiday surroundings. It may be added that there are types suitable for trailing behind even the smallest of motor-cars.

in upkeep. The only satisfactory answer is: "Get it from a friend."

How to Stop Given that such a car as this is
and Start. in decent running order and that

is yet far off, I am sure it can be really cheaply used. Supposing my friend to be serious in his declaration that he will only drive it on two days a week—say 200 miles—his bills ought to be no higher than those of a much cheaper car used only a little more. The most important item is tyres in a case of this kind,



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BREAKS 4 WORLD'S RECORDS
ON WAKEFIELD CASTROL!

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Kaye Don, driving a SUNBEAM Car, broke the following WORLD'S and International Class C Record—
STANDING START. 1 Mile at 100.77 m.p.h.
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4000 kilos—3000 miles—5000 kilos—
4000 miles—5000 miles.

Average speed for 5000 miles was 100.68 kilos., approximately 63 miles per hour. Average speed for the last 1000 miles was approximately 75 miles per hour. Finished June 28.

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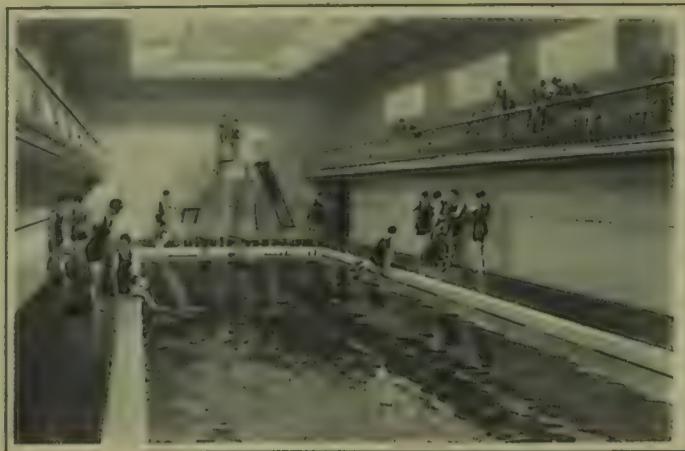


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Six

Continued.]

Speed o. Economy. My friend will therefore have to find these things out for himself. There is a certain speed at which his car will use less oil and fuel than at any other. It may be 20 or 30 or 40. I hope, for his sake, that it will not prove to be 50 or more. For those speeds will ruin his tyre records. I would not advise him to try experiments with carburettors, either by fitting new ones or by radically altering the setting of the existing equipment. I have very seldom found this business pay. Obviously, most carburettors can be set so as to give big performance—which means high consumption—or very poor performance, which sometimes may mean low consumption; but practically every instrument used can be set to give reasonably economical and efficient running, and that is how most of them are set. Leave well alone is the first golden rule in carburettor dealings. They are mostly nasty, disappointing contraptions, and they behave better when left to their own devices.

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are used up in about 1000 miles. Every 1000 miles he must empty that base-chamber and fill it up with fresh. This means that 2½ gallons are needed for every 1000 miles, if he wants his engine to do its best and keep on doing it for a long time. Even if the level drops very slowly, so that he seems to be using a mere nothing per 100 miles, that periodical clearance is essential. Oil which has been used in a high-speed engine for 500 miles and more is by no means as young as it was.

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MARINE CARAVANNING.—XLII.

By COMMANDER G. C. E. HAMPTON.

THE HYDROFOIL BOAT.

(Continued.)

In the preceding articles on this type of boat, I have laid stress on the difficulties connected with the design of the hydrofoils and their arrangement. I have done so because I can speak from bitter experience, and do not wish to be the cause of anyone embarking on experiments of this nature who is unable to afford considerable expenditure and time. Perhaps I have another reason also, in that, as a firm believer in the principle, I do not wish to see its chances spoilt at this early stage by bad designs produced by those who hope to make quick profits before their ignorance is found out. To such persons I must give a warning that I have dealt with existing designs only, which, though they have produced wonderful results, are approximately fifteen per cent. less efficient than some newly collected data indicates will be possible in the near future.

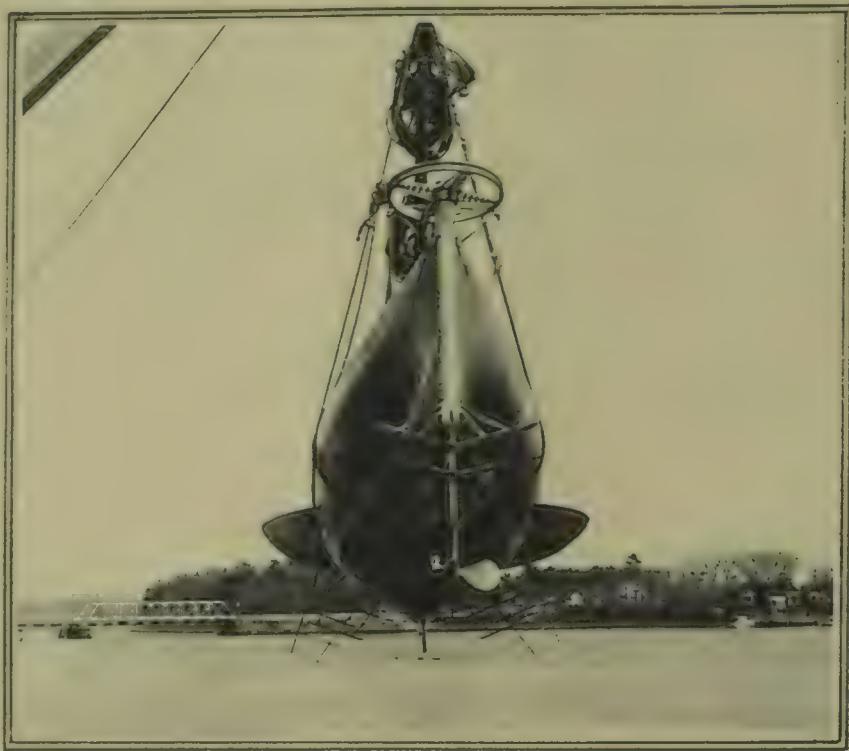
At the risk of being thought an obstructionist, I must mention another difficulty that confronts the designer—namely, the hull itself and the installation of the engines. The ordinary boat type of hull is not suitable, for the strains set up with hydrofoils are different; neither is it well streamlined for high speed through the air without contact with the water. It is true that the hull in both cases must be able to withstand blows from waves, etc., but in the case of the hydrofoil boat these are not so severe when she is at high speed, because the foils act as shock-absorbers, for when a wave is encountered those that are unimmersed are submerged and therefore give a greater "lift" to the boat. By the time, therefore, the hull is struck, it is receding from the blow, which is lessened, so it can be built lighter than that of an ordinary boat. It may be looked on chiefly as a "flotation bag" for when the boat

is at rest. There are practically no "bumps" felt in hydrofoil boats. The shape of the hull illustrated is a good compromise between the ideal form for passage through the air (as when the hull is quite clear of the water) and also for travelling through the water when at low speed.

In a vessel of this sort that travels on "stilts,"

propeller is employed, as in one of the earliest boats of this type. Steep propeller-shaft angles such as are found in modern "speed boats" must be avoided, for the same conditions do not apply in this case. The flattest angle possible is the ideal, and the higher the hull is designed to rise above the water at full speed the more difficult the problem becomes. In this respect the outboard-engined hydrofoil boat has an advantage over the inboard. I wish, however, that some outboard engine manufacturer would present me with a specially designed engine for this purpose, as many modifications are required to existing engines of this sort to obtain the best results.

Now, before I deal with the performances that have been "put up" by this type of vessel, I must touch on its drawbacks as it exists at present. Put briefly, they are: (1) A liability of damage to the foils when they strike floating objects; (2) The difficulty connected with hauling such boats ashore without damage to the hydrofoil sets; (3) The loss of efficiency of the foils when seaweed, etc., catches on them and thus alters their effective shape. These are serious points, but if certain recent experiments are any indication, they have all been eliminated in various boats which will be produced shortly. Judging from information in my possession, it will be difficult to recognise the hydrofoil boat of the near future as any relation to those I have described. It will use, however, the same principles.—(To be continued.)



A HYDROFOIL BOAT—LOOKING FORWARD: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN TO SHOW THE "STILTS" ON WHICH THE CRAFT RUNS AND THE DIHEDRAL ANGLES OF THE VARIOUS FOILS.—[Photograph by Morris Rosenfeld, New York.]

it is obviously easier to cool the engine by means of a "closed water system" with a radiator, as in a car. It is heavier than when sea-water cooling is used, but in many ways is more satisfactory, and I recommend it to start off with, at any rate. The transmission gear offers the chief difficulty unless an air-

season) for April 1 and Sept 1, and that there is ample time remaining in which to enter. The conditions can be obtained from the various club secretaries or the Marine Motoring Association, and the cruise of the winner will be published in these columns.

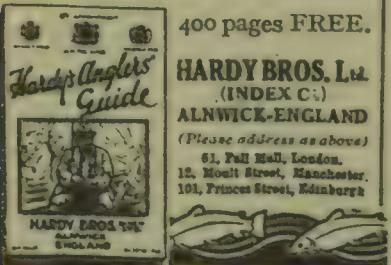


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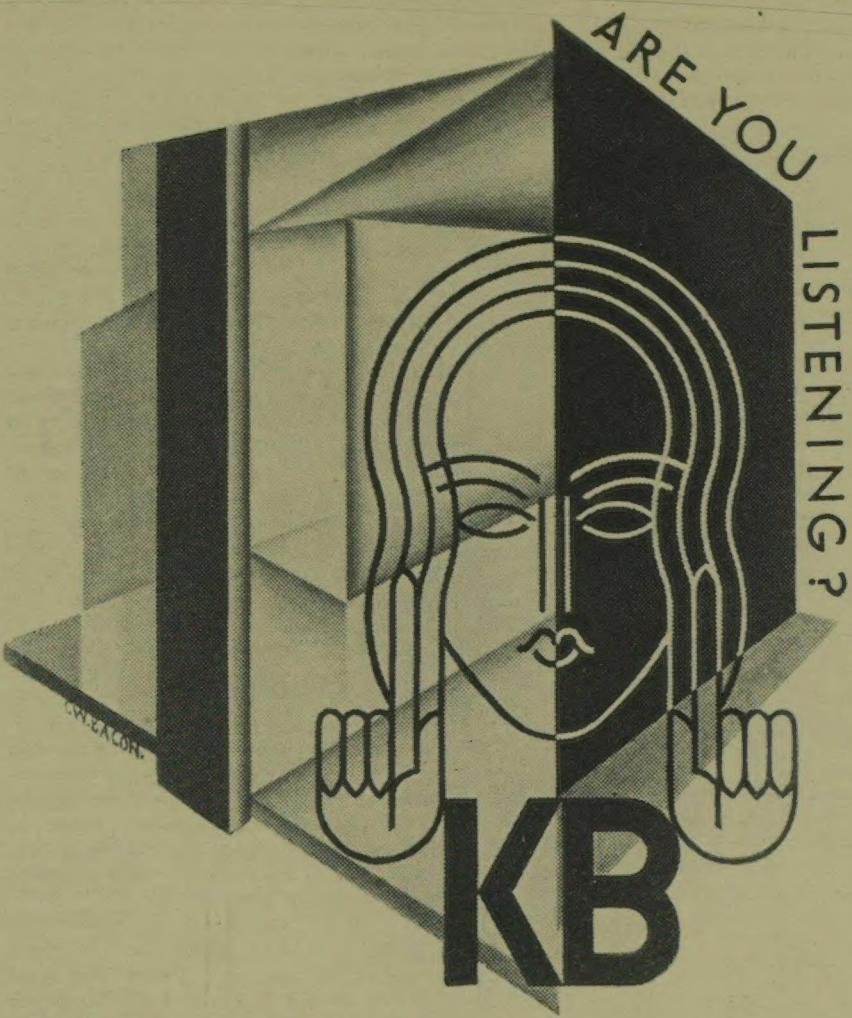
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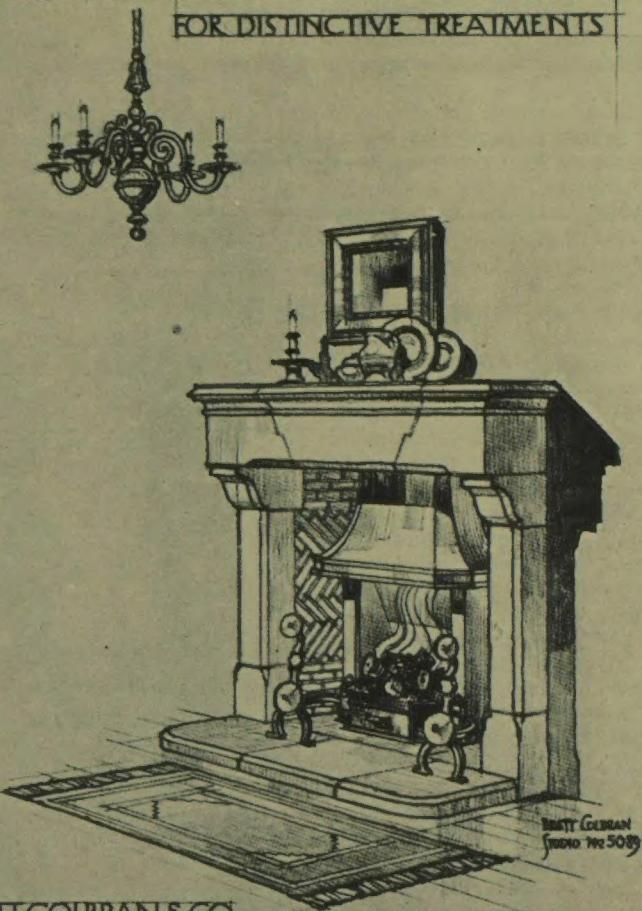
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THE ART OF DINING.

HOT-WEATHER DISHES FOR HEALTH AND ENJOYMENT.

By Jessie J. Williams, M.C.A.

NO one feels any keen desire for solid food during sultry weather, but, while taking the wrong kind of dishes when digestive powers are jaded will surely bring indigestion, the lack of adequate nourishment will as certainly lead to impaired vitality. Those responsible for home catering should take special pains that menus consist of light and appetising dishes, served in such manner that they will not fail to tempt the appetite.

Nature helps us in this matter by supplying us with an abundance of fruit and vegetable, fish, and certain meats which, if cooked intelligently, will prove to be ideal summer food. The dishes that can be made from fish and eggs, for instance, are many and varied, the only precaution in using fish being that it must be absolutely fresh. Cereals of all kinds, especially macaroni and semolina, combine with other things to make savoury as well as sweet dishes. Fresh and cooked fruit, salads made from fresh green stuff, and cooked vegetable all are wholesome and cooling. A great point in preparing suitable food for the hot weather is to introduce variety in every menu, be it for breakfast, luncheon, dinner, or supper.

It is a strange fact that the majority of English folk fail to appreciate curry at its right value as a hot-weather dish. We are accustomed to think of it as being more suitable for cold-weather service; yet kindly Nature taught the Tamils and Telugus of Southern India the uses of roots and spices for rendering poor food more attractive, and for resuscitating and strengthening weak digestions in a hot climate. The variety of curries in use in different parts of the East form a vast army. An excellent one for summer service is the white curry of Colombo, equally good

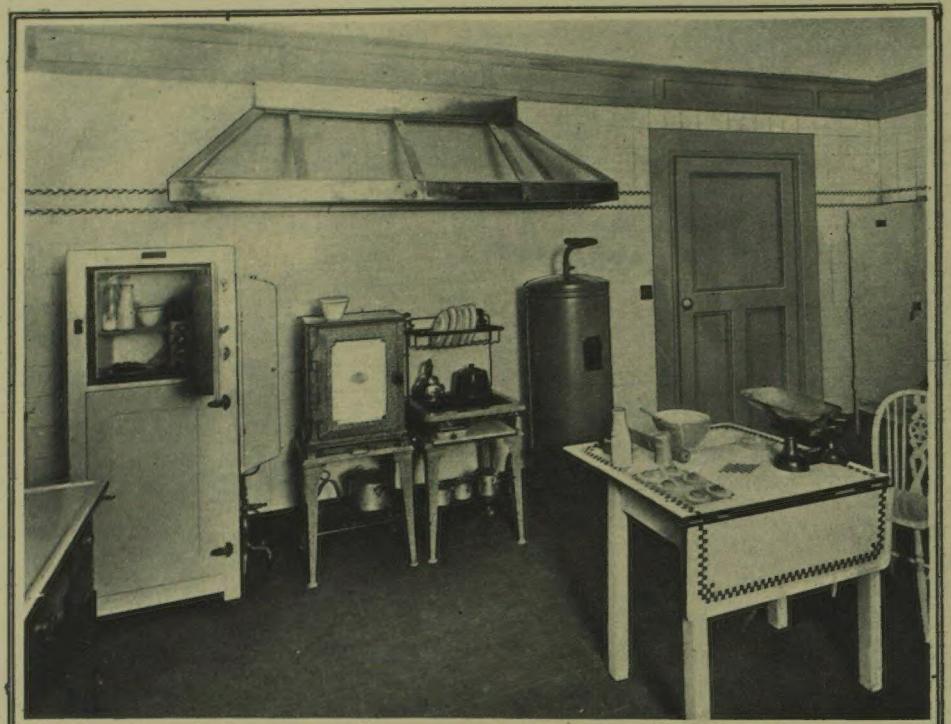
made with fowl or veal. If the former is used, have it jointed, and then cut into small pieces. Allow also one onion, two ounces of fat, two tablespoonsfuls of curry powder, two ounces of sweet almonds—or the same quantity of freshly grated coconut—a little good curry paste, half a pint of water, the juice of half a lemon, and half a saltspoonful of salt.

If freshly grated coconut is used, employ some of the coconut milk in which to pound it. Strain the liquid away from the nuts, and with it mix the remainder of the water. Add this to the contents of the casserole and cook slowly for about an hour. The exact time will depend on the age of the fowl being used; if veal is employed, it will take longer.

For all who are compelled to make mentally exhausting efforts in hot weather, light, sustaining drinks—or, rather, food-drinks—into which eggs, soups, and so on, enter, are good. Here is one easily prepared. Beat the yolk of an egg with a tablespoonful of sherry and a gill of milk; put the mixture into a tall glass and fill up with soda-water. Or, again, beat an egg yolk until it is frothy, then add a lump of sugar and two teaspoonsful of brandy, and fill up the glass with hot milk. A whole egg beaten up with three times the amount of water, strained and added to light broth or clear soup, is also nourishing and easy of digestion.

The kind of bread used is more important, if possible, than ever in hot weather. Eat Hovis, which keeps moist and attractive and which contains so much of value to bodily health, and use it also in any summer dishes where bread is called for. Cumberland eggs, for instance, make an excellent breakfast dish, and, served in the following way, they are a good foundation for the day's work:

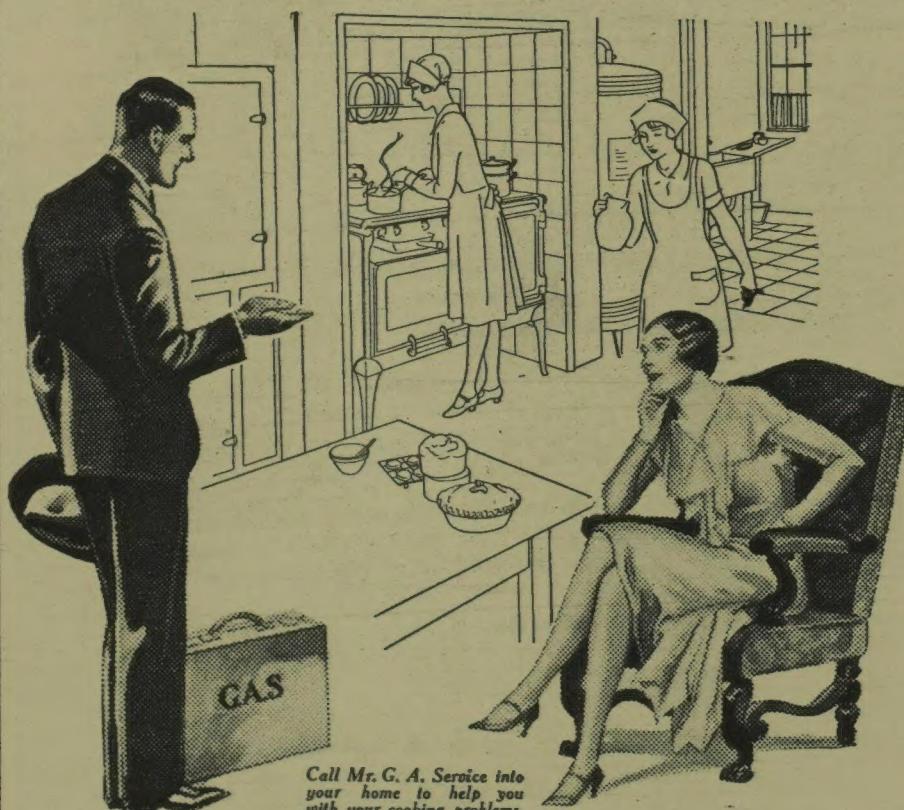
Slice half-a-pound of tomatoes and cook them in a frying-pan with a little butter. Add salt and pepper to taste. Break three eggs into a stewpan, add a piece of butter the size of a walnut, a teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley, three tablespoonsfuls of milk, and a little salt and pepper. Stir with a fork over a mild heat until the mixture thickens, but do not let it boil. Dish the tomatoes on a slice of lightly toasted and well-buttered Hovis bread, and arrange the eggs on top. Serve very hot.



THE GAS-EQUIPPED KITCHEN, WITH ITS GAS-WORKED REFRIGERATOR, MAKES FOR COMFORT, HEALTH AND ECONOMY IN THE HOT WEATHER.

Melt the fat in a casserole over the fire, and in it cook the sliced onion for a few minutes, but without browning it. Take out the onion, put in the pieces of fowl, and, after cooking these for a few minutes, drain off any superfluous fat. The curry powder should then be sprinkled over the fowl, the curry paste added, and the contents of the casserole stirred carefully over the fire for five or six minutes. Blanch the almonds and pound them with a little of the water.

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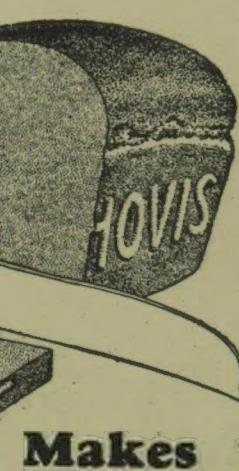


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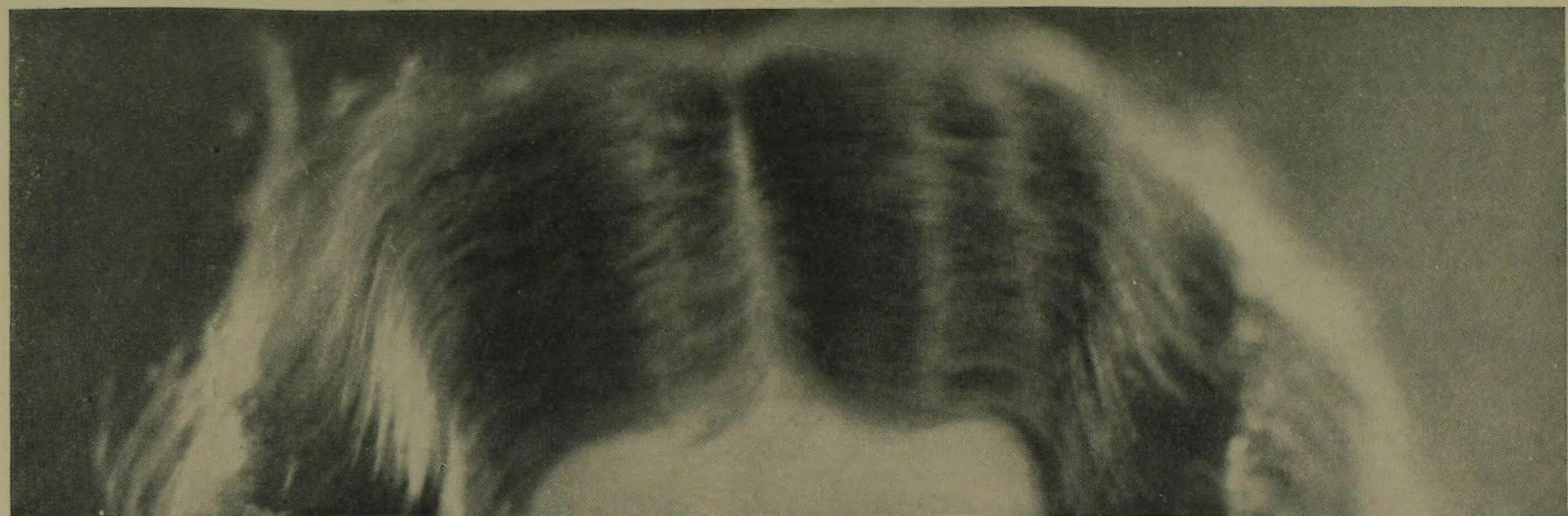
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THE CINEMA IS DIGGING ITS OWN GRAVE.

(Continued from Page 156.)

coming from the stage. The same thing applies to the scenarios. Who can make characters talk? Certainly not the scenario writers. Therefore, once more, it will be the theatre that will supply them. And then, far from abolishing the theatre, the theatre will have triumphed.

Meanwhile, a terrible misfortune has befallen the cinema: the public, after so many years, had grown accustomed and had developed a certain liking for the silent vision; now that the film has spoken, though badly, grotesquely, and unbearably, those who go to see a silent film come away deflated, with a sense of dissatisfaction never noticed before. The silence has been broken. The silent film can no longer be. Now it will be necessary to give a voice to the cinema. To try to find this voice in literature would be vain and blind persistence in the initial error. Literature, in order to make the characters born of the imagination of its poets talk, has already the theatre.

I have endeavoured to demonstrate, and I believe that I have demonstrated with incontestable reasons, that the cinema, by putting itself on this road, can only annihilate itself. The cinema must free itself from literature and plunge into music, but not that type of music which accompanies singing—singing is uttering words, and the word even when sung, cannot belong to an image; the image, as it cannot speak, cannot sing. And let the cinema leave the melodrama to the operatic theatre and the jazz to the music-hall. The music I mean is that music which speaks to everybody without words, the music that expresses itself with sound and of which the cinema could be the visible language. In other words, pure music and pure vision. The two aesthetic senses—of the eye and the ear—joined in one enjoyment; the eye that sees, the ear that listens, and the heart that feels all the beauty and the variety of the sentiments that the sounds express, represented by the images that these sentiments arouse and evoke, stirring up the subconscious mind which is in everybody, images never thought of which can be as terrible as in nightmares, mysterious and changeable as in dreams, in dizzy succession or soothing and restful, with the same movement of the musical rhythm.

"Cinemography" should be the name of the revolution—visible language of music. Any music, from the popular kind, genuine expression of sentiments, to that of Bach or of Scarlatti, of Beethoven or of Chopin. Think

what wealth of images could awaken all the musical folklore—from an ancient Spanish *abanera* to the "Volga, Volga" of the Russians, or the "Pastoral" or the "Heroic," or one of the "Nocturnes," or one of the "Valses Brillantes." If, up till now, literature has been a hostile sea on which the cinema has been navigated badly, to-morrow, having passed beyond the Pillars of Hercules of Narrative and Drama, the cinema will flow freely into the Ocean of Music, where, with set sails, it will be able at last to cast anchor.

(Anglo-American N.S. Copyright.)

"HISTORY AND MONUMENTS OF UR."

(Continued from Page 174.)

of his kingdom to splendour and "Babylon became one of the wonders of the world, with its miles of gigantic walls, its brazen gates, its temple and tower of Bel, and its 'hanging gardens.'

And, of course, there is much of the moon-god and of the "mother of the gods," Nin-khursag, who went once a year from al-Ubaid for her wedding at Ur; of Nin-gal, wife of the moon-god; and of those Princesses who, as high-priestesses, presided over the moon-worship, aided by the customary battering priesthood, full of butter and, no doubt, of bribes.

Which brings us to the outstanding marvel—the zigurrat, in its highest storey a temple of Nannar. Here is Mr. Gadd on zigurrats in general: "Little is known about the function of the zigurrats in Babylonian religion, but the shrine at the top must have been that which Herodotus saw more than a hundred years later on the tower of Babylon, which contained, he says, nothing but a great and fair-strewn bed, with a golden table beside it. The Chaldean priests told this inquisitive Greek (who thought they were romancing) that the occupant of this chamber was one of the native women chosen by the god, who came himself and passed his nights there. Yet they told him nothing but the truth, at least as they conceived it: what they did not add, however, was the rank of the 'native woman' thus favoured by the god's choice. Perhaps this was because at Babylon the priestesses were of no specially dignified position, but at Ur there was a very ancient tradition which required, at least from kings of marked piety, that the high priestess of the moon-god should be no other than the king's daughter herself;

perhaps, indeed, this dedication was expected from every ruler."

No; Mr. Gadd need not fear that his book will be held other than justified. It may be, as it had to be, history lacking complete documentation—history at hazard—but it is not only "an attempt to gather from many sources the most interesting facts now known concerning the fortunes of Ur throughout its long life," but a very excellent attempt.

E. H. G.

Mrs. Woolland's fourth annual exhibition lawn-tennis matches will take place at Baydon Manor, Marridge Hill, Ramsbury, Wilts, from 2.30 to 7 on Tuesday, July 30, in aid of the League of Mercy. Many famous Wimbledon players, amongst them the South African team, will take part. A limited number of reserved tickets (price 5s.) may be obtained from Mrs. Woolland, Membury, Ramsbury, Marlborough, Wilts.

Students of the occult (for or against) will find an indispensable aid to their reading in the new "Short-Title Catalogue" of works on Psychical Research, Spiritualism, Magic, Psychology, Legerdemain, and other Methods of Deception, Charlatanism, Witchcraft, and Technical Works for the Scientific Investigation of Alleged Abnormal Phenomena. From circa 1450 A.D. to 1929. Compiled by Harry Price, Honorary Director of the National Laboratory of Psychical Research. This catalogue forms Part II. of Volume I. of the Laboratory's Proceedings (1929), and is published from its offices at 16, Queensberry Place, South Kensington, at the price of 15s. net (foreign, 4 dollars net). It runs to over 400 pages, and contains an alphabetical list of works in the Laboratory's Library, whose "main purpose . . . is to assist the serious investigator in detecting the psychic impostor, at the same time enabling him to recognise a genuine phenomenon." Mr. Price contributes an interesting preface and introduction, and the catalogue is illustrated by numerous reproductions of old prints and book-titles, including a coloured frontispiece from an 1820 aquatint—"L'Escamoteur," by J. J. Chalon.

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